

THE
EARLY NAVAL BALLADS
OF
ENGLAND.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

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EDINBURGH, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, OXFORD,
PARIS, COPENHAGEN, ETC. ETC.

Queen of the sea,
All hail to thee!
Here shall my home for ever be.

Planché.

LONDON :
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY C. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

MDCCCXLI.

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CHAPTER II

The first of the three principal questions which
arise in the mind of the student of the history of
the United States is, what was the character of the
government of the colonies? The second is, what
was the character of the government of the United
States? The third is, what was the character of the
government of the United States? The first of these
questions is the most important, and the most
difficult to answer. The second is the most
important, and the most difficult to answer. The
third is the most important, and the most
difficult to answer.

PREFACE.

IN offering the accompanying little volume to the members of the Percy Society, the Editor is anxious to avail himself of the introductory leaves to apologise for the incompleteness of its chronological arrangement—an error which may perhaps be considered by no means a light one by the exact antiquary. The fact is that a few curious ballads were discovered after the first sheets were worked off, which properly ought to have been included in them; and the necessity of inserting these out of their proper places induced the Editor, in preference to forming an appendix, to follow no order whatever in the subsequent part, and thus to preclude the possibility of a casual reference to the book being interrupted by any specified order of the dates of the several ballads.

Of the collection itself it is not necessary to speak, further than to remark that instead of a *selection* of the best ballads on naval subjects, which would have been comprised in a very brief

compass, the Editor has found it expedient to insert every one that he could discover which could possibly be included in his collection, and the reader will perceive that this plan has not been the means of forming a volume by any means commensurate in size with the national interest of the subject.

If, however, a thought worthy of the British tars of old should ever by these means be generated on the wide ocean in the breast of a modern disciple of Neptune, the Editor apprehends that the purpose of those who suggested the idea of such a publication, and carried it into execution, will be fully answered. At all events, the triumphs of our marine power cannot be too frequently recalled to our memories, and a novelty in time may produce a corresponding change in the directions of the thoughts so indued.

The Editor has found it necessary to omit a few ballads of the sea, which might have been introduced, owing to their occasional grossness. He is aware that this fault is not generally considered sufficiently valid to exclude documents of any value, but daily experience convinces him of the necessity of making some attempt to restore that Platonic respect which is due to literature, and the immediate progenitors of its influences. Those principles of utili-

tarianism which are so universally adopted at the present day, when applied to subjects of historical interest and curiosity, will readily seize hold of any apparent defect in the system, and will be used as an argument against the value of any collateral researches.

The Editor's thanks are preeminently due to Mr. E. F. Rimbault, the zealous Secretary of the Percy Society, who has supplied him with several of the ballads here printed, and other important communications. The Editor having been absent from London while this little volume was passing through the press, Mr. Rimbault has also kindly executed the task of correcting the proof-sheets, and collating the ballads with the original copies.

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EARLY NAVAL BALLADS.

THE EARLIEST SEA SONG.

THE following curious ballad, which is by far the earliest yet discovered on this subject, was first pointed out by Mr. Wright, in a manuscript of the time of Henry VI. in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, R. iii. 19. The key to the subject of it may be found in a singular letter printed in Sir Henry Ellis's *Original Letters*, Second Series, vol. i. p. 110, from which it appears that ships were every year fitted out from different ports, with cargoes of pilgrims, to the shrine of St. James of Compostella; for, strange as it may seem, pilgrims at this time were really, as Sir Henry Ellis observes, articles of exportation.

MEN may leve all gamys,
That saylen to Seynt Jamys;
For many a man hit gramys;
When they begyn to sayle.

For when they have take the see,
At Sandwyche, or at Wynchylsee,
At Brystow, or where that hit bee,
Theyr herts begyn to fayle.

Anone the mastyr commaundeth fast
To hys shyp-men in all the hast,
To dresse hem sone about the mast,
Theyr takelyng to make.

With "howe ! hissa !" then they cry,
"What, howte ! mate, thow stondyst to ny,
Thy fellow may nat hale the by ;"
Thus they begyn to crake.

A boy or tweyne anone up-styen,
And overthwarte the sayle-yerde lyen ;—
"Y how ! taylia !" the remenaunte cryen,
And pull with all theyr myght.

"Bestowe the boote, bote-swayne, anon,
That our pylgryms may pley thereon ;
For som ar lyke to cowgh and grone,
Or hit be full mydnyght."

"Hale the bowelyne ! now, vere the shete !—
Cooke, make redy anoone our mete,
Our pylgryms have no lust to ete,
I pray God yeve him rest."

"Go to the helm ! what, howe ! no nere ?
Steward, fellow ! a pot of bere !"
"Ye shall have, sir, with good chere,
Anone all of the best."

"Y howe ! trussa ! hale in the brayles !
Thow halyst nat, be God, thow fayles,
O se howe well owre good shyp sayles !"
And thus they say among.

“Hale in the wartake !” “Hit shall be done.”
“Steward ! cover the boorde anone,
And set bred and salt thereone,
And tarry nat to long.”

Then cometh oone and seyth, “be mery;
Ye shall have a storme or a pery.”
“Holde thow thy pese ! thow canst no whery,
Thow medlyst wondyr sore.”

Thys menewhyle the pylgryms ly,
And have theyr bowlys fast theym by,
And cry afthyr hote malvesy,
“Thow helpe for to restore.”

And som wold have a saltyd tost,
For they myght ete neyther sode ne rost;
A man myght sone pay for theyr cost,
As for oo day or twayne.

Som layde theyr bookys on theyr kne,
And rad so long they myght nat se ;—
“Allas ! myne hede woll cleve on thre !”
Thus seyth another certayne.

Then commeth owre owner lyke a lorde,
And speketh many a royall worde,
And dresseth hym to the hygh borde,
To see all thyng be well.

Anone he calleth a carpentere,
 And biddyth hym bryng with hym hys gere,
 To make the cabans here and there,
 With many a febyl cell.

A sak of strawe were there ryght good,
 For som must lyg theym in theyr hood;
 I had as lefe be in the wood,
 Without mete or drynk.

For when that we shall go to bedde,
 The pumpe was nygh our bedde hede,
 A man were as good to be dede,
 As smell thereof the stynk.

A TRUE RELATION OF THE LIFE AND DEATH
 OF SIR ANDREW BARTON, A PYRATE
 AND ROVER ON THE SEAS.

THE present text of the following ballad, which has been printed by Percy and others, is taken from an original black-letter copy preserved in the British Museum. It will be seen that the several versions vary considerably from each other.

Tune—"Come, follow my love," &c.

WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers
 bedeckt the earth so trim and gay,
 And Neptune with his dainty showers
 came to present the month of May,

King Henry would a hunting ride,
over the river Thames passed he,
Unto a mountain-top also
did walk, some pleasure for to see :

Where forty merchants he espy'd,
with fifty sail came towards him,
Who then no sooner were arriv'd,
but on their knees did thus complain :
“ An't please your grace, we cannot sail
to France no voyage to be sure,
But Sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,
and robs us of our marchant ware.”

Vext was the King, and turning him,
Said to the Lords of high degree,
“ Have I ne'er a Lord within my realm,
dare fetch that traytor unto me ?”
To him reply'd, Charles Lord Howard,
“ I will, my liege, with heart and hand ;
If it will please you grant me leave,” he said,
“ I will perform what you command.”

To him then spoke King Henry,
“ I fear, my Lord, you are too young.”
“ No whit at all, my Liege,” quoth he ;
“ I hope to prove in valour strong :
The Scotch knight I vow to seek,
in what place soever he be,
And bring ashore with all his might,
or into Scotland he shall carry me.”

“A hundred men,” the King then said,
“out of my realm shall chosen be,
Besides sailors and ship-boys,
to guide a great ship on the sea :
Bow-men and gunners of good skill
shall for this service chosen be,
And they at thy command and will,
in all affairs shall wait on thee.”

Lord Howard call'd a gunner then,
who was the best in all the realm,
His age was threescore years and ten,
and Peter Simon was his name :
My Lord call'd then a bow-man rare,
whose active hands had gain'd fame,
A gentleman born in Yorkshire,
and William Horsely was his name.

“Horsely,” quoth he, “I must to sea
to seek a traytor, with good speed ;
Of a hundred bow-men brave,” quoth he,
“I have chosen thee to be the head.”
“If you, my Lord, have chosen me
of a hundred men to be the head,
Upon the main mast I'll hanged be,
if twelve score I miss one shilling's breadth.”

Lord Howard then of courage bold,
went to the sea with pleasant cheer,
Not curb'd with winter's piercing cold,
tho' it was the stormy time of year ;

Not long had he been on sea,
more in days than number three,
But one Henry Hunt there he espy'd,
a merchant of New-castle was he ;

To him Lord Howard call'd out amain,
and strictly charged him to stand,
Demanding then from whence he came,
or where he did intend to land :

The merchant then made answer soon,
with heavy heart and careful mind,
“ My Lord, my ship it doth belong
unto New-castle upon Tine.”

“ Canst thou shew me,” the Lord did say,
“ as thou didst sail by day and night,
A Scottish rover on the sea,
his name is Andrew Barton, knight ?”
Then the merchant sigh'd and said,
with grieved mind, and well away,
“ But over well I know that wight,
I was his prisoner yesterday :

“ As I, my Lord, did sail from France,
a Burdeave voyage to take so far,
I met with Sir Andrew Barton thence,
who rob'd me of my merchant ware :
And mickle debts God knows I owe,
and every man doth crave his own ;
And I am bound to London now,
of our gracious King to beg a boon.”

“ Show me him,” said Lord Howard then,
“ let me once the villain see,
And ev’ry penny he hath from thee ta’en,
I’ll double the same with shillings three.”
“ Now God forbid,” the merchant said,
“ I fear your aim that you will miss :
God bless you from his tyranny,
for little you think what man he is.

“ He is brass within and steel without,
his ship most huge and mighty strong,
With eighteen pieces of ordnance
he carrieth on each side along :
With beams for his top-castle,
as also being huge and high,
That neither English nor Portugal
can Sir Andrew Barton pass by.”

“ Hard news thou shew’st,” then said the Lord,
“ to welcome stranger to the sea :
But as I said, I’ll bring him aboard,
or into Scotland he shall carry me.”
The merchant said, “ If you will do so,
take counsel then, I pray, withal,
Let no man to his top-castle go,
nor strive to let his beams down fall.”

“ Lend me seven pieces of ordnance then
of each side of my ship,” said he,
“ And to morrow, my Lord,
again I will your honour see :

A glass I set as may be seen,
whether you sail by day or night ;
And to morrow be sure before seven,
you shall see Sir Andrew Barton, knight."

The merchant set my Lord a glass
so well apparent in his sight,
That on the morrow, as his promise was,
he saw Sir Andrew Barton, knight ;
The Lord then swore a mighty oath,
" Now by the heavens that be of might,
By faith, believe me, and by troth,
I think he is a worthy knight."

Sir Andrew Barton seeing him
thus scornfully to pass by,
As tho' he cared not a pin
for him and his company ;
Then called he his men amain,
" Fetch back yon pedlar now," quoth he,
" And ere this way he comes again,
I'll teach him well his courtesie."

" Fetch me my lyon out of hand,"
saith the Lord, " with rose and streamer high ;
Set up withal a willow-wand,
that merchant like I may pass by."
Thus bravely did Lord Howard pass,
and on anchor rise so high ;
No top-sail at last he cast,
but as a foe did him defie.

A piece of ordnance soon was shot,
by this proud pirate fiercely then,
Into Lord Howard's middle deck,
which cruel shot killed fourteen men.
He called then Peter Simon, he :
" Look how thy word do stand instead,
For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast,
if thou miss twelve score one penny breath."

Then Peter Simon gave a shot,
which did Sir Andrew mickle scare,
In at his deck it came so hot,
kill'd fifteen of his men of war ;
" Alas," then said the Pirate stout,
" I am in danger now I see ;
This is some lord I greatly fear,
that is set on to conquer me."

Then Henry Hunt, with rigour hot,
came bravely on the other side,
Who likewise shot in at his deck,
and killed fifty of his men beside :
Then, " Out, alas," Sir Andrew cry'd,
" What may a man now think or say,
Yon merchant-thief that pierceth me,
he was my prisoner yesterday."

Then did he on Gordion call,
unto the top-castle for to go,
And bid his beams he should let fall,
for he greatly fear'd an overthrow.

The Lord call'd Horsley, now in haste,
 "Look that thy word stand instead,
For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast,
 If thou miss twelve score a shilling's breath."

Then up mast-tree swerved he,
 this stout and mighty Gordion ;
But Horsley he most happily
 shot him under his collar-bone :
Then call'd he on his nephew then,
 said, " Sister's sons I have no mo,
Three hundred pound I will give thee,
 if thou wilt to top-castle go."

Then stoutly he began to climb,
 from off the mast scorn'd to depart :
But Horsley soon prevented him,
 and deadly pierc'd him to the heart.
His men being slain, then up amain
 did this proud pirate climb with speed,
For armour of proof he had put on,
 and did not dint of arrows dread :

" Come hither, Horsley," said the Lord,
 " see thou thy arrows aim aright ;
Great means to thee I will afford,
 and if thou speedst, I'll make thee knight :"
Sir Andrew did climb up the tree,
 with right good will and all his main ;
Then upon the breast hit Horsley he,
 till the arrow did return again :

Then Horsley 'spied a private place,
with a perfect eye in a secret part,
His arrow swiftly flew apace,
and smote Sir Andrew to the heart :
“ Fight on, fight on, my merry men all,
a little I am hurt, yet not slain ;
I'll but lie down and bleed awhile,
and come and fight you again :

“ And do not,” said he, “ fear English rogues,
and of your foes stand not in awe,
But stand fast by St. Andrew's crosse,
until you hear my whistle blow.”
They never heard his whistle blow,
which made them all full sore afraid.
Then Horsley said, “ My Lord aboard,
for now Sir Andrew Barton's dead ;”

Thus boarded they this gallant ship,
with right good will and all their main,
Eighteen score Scots alive in it,
besides as many more was slain.
The Lord went where Sir Andrew lay,
and quickly thence cut off his head ;
“ I should forsake England many a day,
if thou wert alive as thou art dead.”

Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,
with mickle joy and triumphing ;
The pirate's head he brought along
for to present unto our King :

Who briefly unto him did say,
before he knew well what was done,
“Where is the knight and pirate gay,
that I myself may give the doom?”

“You may thank God,” then said the Lord,
“and four men in the ship,” quoth he,
“That we are safely come ashore,
sith you never had such an enemy :
That is, Henry Hunt, and Peter Simon,
William Horsely and Peter’s son ;
Therefore reward them for their pains,
for they did service at their turn.”

To the merchant therefore the King he said,
“In lieu of what he hath from thee tane,
I give thee a noble a-day ;
Sir Andrew’s whistle and his chain :
To Peter Simon a crown a day ;
and half-a-crown a-day to Peter’s son.
And that was for a shot so gay,
which bravely brought Sir Andrew down :

Horsely, I will make thee a knight,
and in Yorkshire thou shalt dwell :
Lord Howard shall Earl Bury hight,
for this act he deserveth well :
Ninety pound to our English men,
who in this fight did stoutly stand ;
And twelve pence a-day to the Scots till they
come to my brother king’s high land.

Printed by and for W. O. and sold by the Booksellers.

IN PRAIS OF SEAFARINGE MEN, IN HOPE OF
GOOD FORTUNE.

THE two following ballads are taken from MS. Sloane, 2497, fol. 47, a manuscript in the British Museum of the time of Queen Elizabeth. The note at the end of this ballad enables us to determine its date, for it can scarcely refer to any other "farewell" than that of Sir Richard Greenville, who fitted out a squadron for foreign discovery in the spring of the year 1585. As usual in the manuscript documents of the time of Queen Elizabeth, the orthography of the gallant officer's name is strangely metamorphosed; and, were I induced to follow the example of many writers of the present day, I might reasonably take to myself the credit of having discovered the proper mode of writing it, and be the first to commence an innovation, which, on account of its novelty alone, would be certain of meeting with a numerous body of supporters.

WHOE siekes the waie to win renowne,
Or flies with whinges of hie desarte,
Whoe seikes to wear the lawrea crouen,
Or hath the mind that would espire,
Lett him his native soylle eschew,
Lett him go rainge and seeke a newe.

Eche hawtie harte is well contente,
With everie chance that shal betyde ;
No hap can hinder his entente ;
He steadfast standes, though fortune slide.
The sunn, quoth he, doth shine as well
Abrod, as earst where I did dwell.

In chaynge of streames each fish can live,
Eche foule content with everie ayre,
Eche hautie hart remainethe still,
And not be dround in depe dispaire :
Wherfor I judg all landes alicke,
To hautie hartes whom fortune sicke.

Too pas the seaes som thinkes a toille,
Sum thinkes it strange abrod to rome,
Sum thinkes it a grefe to leave their soylle,
Their parents, cynfolke, and their whome.
Thinke soe who list, I like it nott ;
I must abrod to trie my lott.

Whoe list at whome at carte to drudge,
And carke and care for worldlie trishe,
With buckled sheoes let him goe trudge,
Instead of launce a whip to slishe ;
A mynd that base his kind will show,
Of caronn sweete to feed a crowe.

If Jasonn of that mynd had bine,
The Gresions when thay cam to Troye,
Had never so the Trogian's foylde,
Nor never put them to such anoye :
Wherfore who lust to live at whome,
To purchas fame I will go rome.

Finis, Sur Richard Grinfilldes farewell.

ANOTHER OF SEAFARDINGERS, DESCRIBING
EVILL FORTUNE.

[MS. Sloane, 2497, fol. 47.]

WHAT pen can well reporte the plighte
Of those that travell on the seaes?
To pas the werie winters nighte
With stormie cloudes wisshinge for daie,
With waves that toss them to and fro,—
Thair pore estate is hard to show.

When boistering windes begins to blowe
On cruell costes, from haven wee,
The foggie mysts soe dimes the shore,
The rocks and sandes we maie not see,
Nor have no rome on seas to trie,
But praie to God and yeld to die.

When shauldes and sandie bankes apears,
What pillot can direct his course?
When fominge tides draueth us so nere,
Alas! what fortune can be worse?
Then ankers haald must be our staie,
Or ellce we falle into decaye.

We wander still from loffe to lie,
And findes no steadfast wind to blow;
We still remaine in jeopardie,
Each perelos poynt is hard to showe;
In time we hope to find redresse,
That longe have lived in hevines.

O pinchinge, werie, lothsome lyfe,
That travell still in far exsyle,
The dangers great on sease be ryfe,
Whose recompence doth yeld but toylle !
O Fortune, graunte me mie desire,—
A hapie end I doe require.

When freats and states have had their fill,
And gentill calm the cost will clere,
Then hautie hartes shall have their will,
That longe hast wept with morning cheere ;
And leave the seaes with thair anoy,
At home at ease to live in joy.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

THE following, which appears, says Mr. Chappell, to have been written at the time of the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, is taken from a manuscript in the possession of Mr. Pearsall, bearing the date of 1588. The music of the song is given by Mr. Chappell.

FROM mercillesse invaders,
From wicked men's device,
O God ! arise and helpe us,
To quele owre enemies.

Sinke deepe their potent navies,
Their strength and corage breake,
O God ! arise and arm us,
For Jesus Christ, his sake.

Though cruel Spain and Parma
With heathene legions come,
O God ! arise and arm us,
We'll dye for owre home !

We will not change owre Credo
For Pope, nor boke, nor bell ;
And yf the Devil come himself,
We'll hounde him back to hell.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE: OR, EIGHTY-EIGHT.

[From MS. Harl. 791, fol. 59.]

IN eyghtye-eyght, ere I was borne,
As I can well remember,
In August was a fleete prepar'd,
The moneth before September.

Spayne, with Biscayne, Portugall,
Toledo and Granado,
All these did meete, and made a fleete,
And call'd it the Armado.

Where they had gott provision,
As mustard, pease, and bacon,
Some say two shipps were full of whipps,
But I thinke they were mistaken.

There was a litle man of Spaine,
That shott well in a gunn-a,
Don Pedro hight, as good a knight
As the Knight of the Sun-a.

King Phillip made him Admirall,
And charged him not to stay-a,
But to destroy both man and boy,
And then to runn away-a.

The King of Spayne did freet amayne,
And to doe yet more harme-a,
He sent along, to make him strong,
The famous prince of Parma.

When they had sayl'd along the seas,
And anchor'd uppon Dover,
Our Englishmen did bourd them then,
And cast the Spaniards over.

Our Queene was then att Tilbury,
What could you more desire-a?
For whose sweete sake, Sir Francis Drake
Did sett them all on fyre-a.

But let them looke about themselves,
For if they come againe-a,
They shall be serv'd with that same sauce,
As they weere, I know when-a.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE: OR, EIGHTY-EIGHT.

THE following is another version of the foregoing ballad, and is taken from "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy," vol. ii. p. 37. The tune is also given by D'Urfey. Another copy is given in the "Westminster Drollery," 12mo. Lond. 1671.

To the tune of Eighty-eight.

SOME years of late, in Eighty eight,
As I do well remember-a,
It was, some say, on the ninth of May,
And some say in September-a.

The Spanish train launch'd forth a-main,
With many a fine bravado,
Whereas they thought, but it prov'd nought,
The Invincible Armado.

There was a little man that dwelt in Spain,
That shot well in a gun-a,
Don Pedro hight, as black a wight,
As the Knight of the Sun-a.

King Philip made him Admiral,
And bad him not to stay-a,
But to destroy both man and boy,
And so to come away-a.

The Queen was then at Tilbury,
What could we more desire-a?
Sir Francis Drake, for her sweet sake,
Did set 'em all on fire-a.

Away they ran by sea and land,
So that one man slew three score-a,
And had not they all run away,
O my soul, we had killed more-a.

'Then let them neither brag nor boast,
For if they come again-a,
Let them take heed they do not speed,
As they did they know when-a.

ODE.

SITTING AND DRINKING IN A CHAIR MADE OUT OF THE
RELIQUES OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S SHIP.

FROM a rare collection of "Choyce Poems," printed at London
in the seventeenth century, a copy of which is preserved in the
British Museum.

CHEAR up, my mates ! the wind doth fairly blow,
Clap on more sails, and never spare,
Farewel all land ! for now we are
In the wide sea of drink, and merrily we go.
Bless me ! 'tis hot, another bowl of wine,
And we shall cut the burning line !
Hey, boys ! she sends it away, and by my head I know
We round the world are sailing now.
What dull men are those who tarry at home,
When abroad they might wantonly roam ?

And gain such experience ; and spie too
Such countries and wonders as I do ?
But prithee, good pilot, take heed what you do,
And fail not to touch at Peru,
With gold there the vessel to store,
And never, and never be poor,
And never be poor any more.

What do I mean ? What thoughts do me misguide ?
As well upon a staffe may witches ride
Their fancied journeys in the air,
As I sail round the world in a chair ;
'Tis true, but yet this chair which here you see,
For all its quiet now and gravity,
Has wand' red and has travell'd more
Then ever beast, or fish, or bird, or ever tree before ;
In every air, in every sea 'tas been,
'Tis compassst all the earth, and all the heaven 'tas seen,
Let not the pope's itself with this compare,
This is the only universal chair.

The pious wandrers fleet, sav'd from the flame
(Which still the reliques did of Troy pursue,
And took them for its due)
A squadron of immortal nymphs became,
Still with their arms they row'd about the seas,
And still made new and greater voyages :
Nor has the first poetique ship of Greece,
Though now a star, she so triumphant show,
And guides her sailing successors below,
(Bright as her antient freight, the shining fleece)

Yet to this day a quiet harbour found,
The tide of heaven still carries her around ;
Only Drake's sacred vessel (which before
Had done, and had seen more
Then those have done or seen,
Even since they goddesses, and this a star has been,)
As a reward for all her labours past,
Is made the seat of rest at last.

Let the case now quite altered be ;
And as thou went'st abroad the world to see,
Let the world now come to see thee.

The world will do't for curiosity,
Does no lesse than devotion pilgrims make,
And I myself, who now love quiet too,
As much almost as any chair can do,
Would yet a journey take

An old wheel of that charriot to see ;

Which Phæton so rashly brake, [Drake ?

Yet what could that say more then these remains of
Great relique ! thou too in this port-of-ease
Hast still one way of making voyages.

The breath of fame, like an auspicious gale
(The great trade wind which nere does fail)

Still with full trimme, and spreading sail,

Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt run
As long around it as the sun.

The straights of time too narrow are for thee,
Launch forth into an undiscovered sea,
And steer the endless course of vast eternity.

Take for thy sail this verse, and for thy pilot me.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE following is taken from "Wit and Drollery," 12mo. Lond. 1656. Another copy is preserved in MS. No. 36, in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, fol. 296.

Sir Francis, Sir Francis, Sir Francis his son,
Sir Robert, and eke Sir William did come,
And eke the good Earle of Southampton,
Marcht on his way most gallantly;
And then the Queen began to speak:
You are welcome home Sir Francis Drake;
Then came my L. Chamberlain, and with his white staffe,
And all the people began for to laugh.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

Gallants all of British blood,
Why do not ye saile on th' ocean flood?
I protest ye are not all worth a philberd,
Compared with Sir Humphry Gilberd.

THE QUEEN'S REASON.

For he walkt forth in a rainy day,
To the New-found-land he took his way,
With many a gallant fresh and green;
He never come home again. God bless the Queen.

THE FAME OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

FROM a little duodecimo volume, printed at London in the year 1641, under the title of "Witt's Recreations, augmented with ingenious conceites for the Wittie, and merrie medicines for the Melancholie."

SIR DRAKE, whom well the world's end knew,
Which thou did compasse round,
And whom both poles of heaven once saw,
Which north and south do bound.

The starres above would make thee knowne,
If men here silent were ;
The sun himselfe cannot forget
His fellow-traveller.

THE TRIUMPH OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

It is probably a chimerical idea, but I cannot help thinking that there is some similarity between this song and one of the airy rhymes of the White Lady of Avenel. It is taken from the well-known opera of "Sir Francis Drake."

Steersman. ALOOF ! and aloof ! and steady I steer !
'Tis a boat to our wish,
And she slides like a fish
When chearily stem'd, and when you row clear.
She now has her trimme !
Away let her swim,
Mackrels are swift in the shine of the moon ;
And herrings in gales when they wind us,
But, timeing our oars, so smoothly we run
That we leave them in shoals behind us.

Chorus. Then cry, one and all !

Amain ! for Whitehall.

The Diegos wee'l board to rummidge their hould,
And drawing our steel they must draw out their gold.

Steersman. Our master and's mate, with bacon and pease,

In cabins keep aboard ;

Each as warm as a lord :

No queen, lying-in, lies more at her ease.

Whilst we lie in wait

For reals of eight,

And for some gold quoits, which fortune must send :

But, alas, how their ears will tingle,

When finding, though still like Hectors we spend,

Yet still all our pockets shall jingle.

Chorus. Then cry, one and all !

Amain, &c.

Steersman. Oh, how the purser shortly will wonder,

When he sums in his book

All the wealth we have took,

And finds that wee'l give him none of the plunder ;

He means to abate

The tyth for the state ;

Then for our owners some part he'l discount :

But his fingers are pitcht together ;

Where so much will stick, that little will mount,

When he reckons the shares of either.

Chorus. Then cry, one and all !

Amain, &c.

Steersman. At sight of our gold the boatswain will bristle,
But not finding his part,
He will break his proud heart,
And hang himself strait i'th'chain of his whistle.
Abaft and afore !
Make way to the shore !
Softly as fishes which slip through the stream,
That we may catch their sentries napping.
Poor little Diegos, they now little dream
Of us the brave warriors of Wapping.
Chorus. Then cry, one and all !
Amain, &c.

ON THE SIGNALL VICTORY OBTAINED IN A
SEA-FIGHT BY HIS MAJESTY OF GREAT
BRITTAİN'S FLEET OVER THE DUTCH.

[From MS. Burney, 390, fol. 60.]

LET the vast tritons summon once againe
The numerous subjects of the curled maine;
And lett their Neptune lay down his command,
To take new laws from this great victor's hand :
Now must great Charles bee monarch of the sea,
Whose kingdom once the Rodian laws did sway.
'Tis he whose hands stretch out ore sea and land,
Threatens revenge to those that dare withstand,
Whilst that Olympus, like his head on high,
Far above clouds and storms secure doth ly.

Was't not our Drake whose voyage first of all
Did girdle round the world's terrestrial ball?
Whilst scorning nature should his sight confine,
Or to his triumphs place or laws enjoyne,
Thro' rocks and seas unknown a way did pierce,
Seeking new empires round the universe;
Lett forraign powers divide the world from hence,
They have the center, we the circumference.

Why then dares Holland 'gainst our navies fight,
Both arm'd with force and priviledg'd with right?
Must not those rebell states his laws obay,
Whose pow'r is made as boundless as the sea?
But let them come, to plead our king's defence
We need no other than that warlick prince,
Rupert, the lyon rampant of this nation,
Slighting his own to seek its preservation;
And now his birth in time of wars, we find,
Did but foretell his valour to mankind,
While he grew up to be the world's wonder,
Born, Bacchus-like, in midst of clouds and thunder;
'Tis he thro' thousand terrors dare to sayle,
And 'gainst whole shours of bullets, thicke as haile,
Secure, like Alexander, us'd to flee,
Scorning suggestions of mortallity.

And yet, as if his hand could not suffice
Alone to manage this great enterprize,
A new St. George England att last doth find,
At once the love and terror of mankind,
That universall Stator, whose command
Can calme the tempest both of sea and land;

'Tis he who all the arts of states hath known,
And better then our politicians shown
What 'tis to moddle empires, and can soon
The discords of tumultuous kingdoms tune :
'Tis hee who still'd three nations, and knew why
Their different voices made up harmony.
Thus did our English colours quitt the shore,
Under their joynt command, as heretofore
The Roman ensigns, by two consuls led,
Display'd like egles with a double head :
But what ill-boding, will not Dutch seamen fear
When Castor and Pollux att once for us appear.
And yet no sooner had we sent our fleet,
But Hollanders with fresh recruits they meet,
Who to encourage all their men to fight,
Preface their actions with some seeming right ;
And now decoy whole nations, who flock thither
To club and twist their interests together.
But the hasty French, not dareing to withstand
That valour, which they oft have felt by land,
Soon chang'd their nature, and began to doubt
What their share be in this general rout ;
And after serious councell thought it best
To threaten but att home secure to rest.

Thus while we scourg one nation, still we bring
Terror to all the world, who knows our king
Might if he pleas'd engross the trade at sea,
And make all kingdoms to him tribute pay :
Yet he but strives to makes those waters free,
As nature ment that element should bee :

Not comett-like, sparkling but threatening rays,
But with a gentler influence rules the seas :
Thus generous princes, who 'gainst rebels fight,
Defend their title but do not use their might.

Then let them with our dreadfull navies joyne,
Arm'd with dispaire, and doubl'd strength with wine,
Their cannons roare about the trembling maine,
Till Jove in thunder eccoed back againe ;
And numerous sparks in clouds of smoke doe stray,
Clouding at once and bringing back the day :
Th' amazed waves lippe up the noyse to heare,
And then sinke downe and bed themselve for fear.

Thus they but beat the airs, but when we fire
Thunder and lightning issue from each lyre ;
And fire-winged bullets, while from us they fly,
Send back the loud reports of victory :
Some ships we sink, others being sett on fire,
To us prove bone-fires, to them a fun'rall pyre,
And, as if sinking now would not suffice,
Unless that some were burnt for sacrifice ;
Those elements (which nere yet friends were known)
Must now conspire to bring two deaths in one.
Those that escap'd distracted all with fear,
Fly from that vengeance which they saw so near.
'Twas then brave Rupert, whom those rebels drove
With thunder not unlik to that of Jove,
But that this difference was onely known,—
Jove has his Vulcan, he can make his own,
And, like those Parthian kings, would nere refuse
To make those weapons which himself might use.

For, as Italian pictures, often known
To represent two various shapes in one,
So his capacious head att once hath been
The kingdom's council and its magazine.
Then let De Ruyter with his fleet go boast,
Prisoners at home, and banisht to their coasts ;
Let him and Trump, to quit themselves from shame,
Try on each other how to lay the blame ;
And which are to be praised is all the doubt,
Those that first ran or those that longest fought,
While all the people from their shore each day
May see our fleet beseige their land by sea.
Their marchant men att home no harbour find,
But onely are secure from seas and wind ;
We sent our fire-ships in amongst them thither,
And saw them flaming half a league together.
Beacons in vain communicate their fears,
While that whole towns are fired about their eares ;
While flames, sad ushers of our destroying hand,
And, turning all to ashes, make their land,
Anticipate that universall doome
Of fire, which must nature herself consume ;
Of fire, I say, which nere shall cease from spoyle
Till all the world be its own fun'rall pyle.

Well then may high and mighty states beware,
Amphibious sort of men, whose houses are
But floating arks ; of which scarce one in ten
But fraught with more religions then with men.
Ther's no religion all the world around,
But in their Amsterdam it may be found ;

While each from other in their churches vary,
And every sin there finds a sanctuary.
But yet, of all religions, they can't lett
Their people all turn Turks, lest Mahomet
The juicy grape might banish from their land,
And all their courage spoyle by one command :
Thus should they loose their wine and valour too,
And of themselves might make that maxime true
Which Bellarmine of Christians falsly spake,
That their religion did them cowards make.
But artificiall strenth can't now suffice,
W'have conquer'd them and made their wine our prize :
Victorious ore their courage, some are slaine,
And those escap'd dare not appear again.
Well did our learned Platonists prefix
Wondrous events to the year of sixty-six,
And now the world's climaterick fear,—
But sure I am 'tis no Platonick year.
For nere was itt, nor nere again must bee
A parellell to this grand victory.
And now th' amazed world at last must find
England to be the empire of mankind ;
For when that nature did us first divide,
From all the vaster parts of earth beside,
What did she then intend us for to bee,
But as the greater world's epitome,
And that no forraign power beyond the sea
Should ere the British prowess oversway?
'Tis mighty Charles can dread and terror spake,
And with his nod at once three kingdoms shake ;

The world's and faith's defender, and if wee
Admitt a god to rule the seas, 'tis hee.

Let him send forth blasts of his breath each way,
More powerfull than the blustering winds, the sea
Shall belch and vomitt out its precious foame,
And send it for a present to his home,
While storms and tempests rays'd about the maine
Shake down the clouds, and make them fall in raine,
Clere watery mountains, rowling ore and ore,
Hastening for to embrace trembling shore,
Shall undermine those hills whose heads are high
Involv'd in clouds and swimming in the sky:
Thus can he make the ocean overflown,
Deluge whole kingdoms to enlarge his own ;
Or let him smile, and dart a glorious ray
To guild those places which nere knew the day,
Their cristall rocks of ice shall disappear,
Hastening to melt, and run away for fear ;
The frozen ocean lock'd att lenth shall bee,
And know no bounds when he has made it free.

Then let us all awhile astonish'd stand
To see such wonders wrought by sea and land.
Yet but a mortall pow'r who onely can
Doe less than Gods, and yet far more then man :
Then henceforth let these two in one agree,
And hee nor god nor man but both shall bee.

Finis. FRAN. MUNDY, JUN. Fellow of New Coledge.

THE VALIANT SAILORS.

A FAVOURITE SEA SONG.

THIS is taken from a broadside in the British Museum. It appears to be a modern version of an old ballad by Martin Parker, entitled "Saylers for my Money;" a copy of which is in the Pepysian Collection. In Ritson's "English Songs," vol. ii. p. 130, there is a much longer version of the present ballad.—E. F. R.

You gentlemen of England
Who live at home at ease,
How little do you think
On the dangers of the seas ;
While pleasure does surround you,
Our cares you cannot know,
Or the pain on the main,
When the stormy winds do blow.
Or the pain &c.

The sailor must have courage,
No danger he must shun ;
In every kind of weather
His course he still must run :
Now mounted on the top-mast,
How dreadful 'tis below.
Then we ride as the tide,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Proud France again insulting
Does British valour dare,
Our flag we must support now
And thunder in the war:

To humble them come on lads,
And lay their lillies low,
Clear the way, for the fray,
Tho' the stormy winds do blow.

Old Neptune shakes his trident,
The billows mount on high;
Their shells the tritons sounding,
The flashing lightnings fly:
The wat'ry grave now opens
All dreadful from below,
When the waves move the seas,
And the stormy winds do blow.

But when the danger's over,
And safe we come on shore;
The horrors of the tempest,
We think of then no more;
The flowing bowl invites us,
And joyfully we go,
All the day drink away,
Tho' the stormy winds do blow.

A SONG OF THE SEAMEN AND LAND SOLDIERS.

From "Wit and Drollery," 12mo. Lond. 1656.

WE seamen are the bonny boyes,
That feare no stormes nor rocks-a ;
Whose musick is the canon's noise,
Whose sporting is with knocks-a.

Mars has no children of his owne,
But we that fight on land-a ;
Land-soldiers kingdomes up have blowne,
Yet they unshaken stand-a.

'Tis brave to see a tall ship saile,
With all her trim gear on-a ;
As though the devill were in her taile,
She for the winde will run-a.

Our maine battalia when it moves,
There's no such glorious thing-a ;
Where leaders, like so many Joves,
Abroad their thunder fling-a.

Come let us reckon what ships are our's,
The Gorgon and the Dragon ;
The Lyon that in fight is bold,
The Bull with bloody flag on.

Come let us reckon what workes are our's,
Forts, bulwarks, barricadoes,
Mounts, gabions, parrapits, countermurs,
Casemates and pallisadoes.

The bear, the dog, the fox, the kite,
That stood fast on the Rover ;
They chas'd the Turk in a day and night,
From Scandaroon to Dover.

Field-pieces, muskets, groves of pikes,
Carbines and canoneers-a ;
Squadrons, half moons, with rankes and files,
And fronts, and vans, and reers-a.

A health to brave land-soldiers all,
Let cans a piece goe round-a ;
Pell-mell let's to the battaile fall,
And lofty musick sound-a.

THE MARINER'S CHORUS.

THE following is taken from an opera, printed at London in 1659,
and entitled "The History of Sir Francis Drake."

WINDS may whistle and waves dance to 'em,
Whilst merchants cry out such sport will undo 'em,
And the master aloud bids, "Lee the helm, lee !"
But we shall now fear nor the rocks nor the sand,
Whilst calmly we follow our plunder at land,
When others in storms seek prizes at sea.

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

THIS favourite old sea song is in a collection of penny song books, formerly belonging to Ritson, and, with music, in Dale's Collection. See Chappell's National Airs, p. 97. The ballad is not strictly accurate in its details.

O, we sail'd to Virginia, and thence to Fayal,
Where we water'd our shipping, and then we weigh'd all ;
Full in view of the seas, boys, seven sails we did espy ;
O, we manned our capstan, and weigh'd speedily.

The first we came up with was a brigantine sloop,
And we ask'd if the others were big as they look'd ;
But turning to windward as near as we could lie,
We found there were ten men of war cruizing by.

Oh ! we drew up our squadron in very nice line,
And boldly we fought them for full four hours' time ;
But the day being spent, boys, and the night coming on,
We let them alone till the very next morn.

The very next morning the engagement prov'd hot,
And brave Admiral Benbow receiv'd a chain shot ;
And when he was wounded, to his merry men he did say,
" Take me up in your arms, boys, and carry me away."

Oh ! the guns they did rattle, and the bullets did fly,
But Admiral Benbow for help would not cry ;
Take me down to the cockpit, there is ease for my smarts,
If my merry men see me it will sure break their hearts.

The very next morning, by break of the day,
They hoisted their top sails, and so bore away ;
We bore to Port Royal, where the people flocked much,
To see Admiral Benbow carried to Kingston Church.

Come all you brave fellows, wherever you've been,
Let us drink to the health of our king and our queen,
And another good health to the girls that we know,
And a third in remembrance of brave Admiral Benbow.

THE ROYAL TRIUMPH :

OR, THE UNSPEAKABLE JOY OF THE THREE KINGDOMS, FOR THE
GLORIOUS VICTORY OVER THE FRENCH, BY THE ENGLISH
AND DUTCH FLEETS ; TO THE JOY AND COMFORT
OF ALL TRUE SUBJECTS.

Tune is, Let the soldiers rejoyce.

THIS is taken from a printed copy preserved in the Bagford Collection of Ballads, in the British Museum. It may be well to mention here, in case the reader may wish to examine the original, that I refer to three volumes of ballads under the press-mark 643 M, which, as I am informed by Mr. Rimbault, were collected by Bagford, the celebrated typographer and collector of title-pages.

VALIANT Protestant boys,
Here's millions of joys,
And triumph now brought from the ocean ;
For the French mighty fleet,
Now is shatter'd and beat,
And destruction, destruction, boys, will be their portion.

Here's the Jacobite crew,
Now believe me, 'tis true,
Invited the French to this nation ;
Who was crossing the seas,
With the Teague Rapparees,
True cut-throats, true cut-throats, upon my salvation.

But alas they did find
A true Protestant wind,
Which five weeks or longer it lasted ;
Till the most royal fleet
And the Dutch both compleat,
They with thunder, with thunder, this project soon
blasted.

On the nineteenth of May,
The French fleet made way,
To make of our courage a tryal ;
They suppos'd we'd ne'r fight,
But they won't in the right,
For we show'd them, we show'd them, we were true and
loyal.

Our Admiral's bold,
With their brave hearts of gold,
They fell on like brave sons of thunder ;
And their chain-shot let fly,
As the fleet they drew nigh,
Where they tore them, and rent them, and tore them
asunder.

Our squadron true-blew,
Fought their way through and through,
At length in Lob's Pound, boys, we got 'um ;
Where we gave the proud French
Such a fiery drench,
That we sent them, we sent them, straight down to the
bottom.

Such a slaughter we made,
While the loud cannons play'd,
Which laid the poor Monsieurs a bleeding ;
Nay, their chief admirall,
We did bitterly maul,
And have taught him, have taught him, I hope, better
breeding.

Our brave Admiral,
Being stout Dellaval,
Whose actions all men may admire ;
For the French Rising Sun,
Was not able to run,
Which with seven, with seven more ships he did fire.

Valiant Rook sail'd straightway
Where a French squadron lay,
Close amongst the rocks then for shelter ;
But we fell on Gillore,
And we fir'd twelve more,
Thus we fir'd and burn'd the French fleet helter-skelter.

Being sunk, took, and burn'd
'There's not many return'd,
Was this not a wofull disaster?
How they far'd on our coast,
Let 'em sail home and boast,
To old Lewis, to old Lewis, their fistula master.

When he hears how they speed,
It will strike him near dead,
Losing what he long has been getting;
But we'll have him to know,
That we'll still keep him low,
He shall never, shall never, boys, conquer Great Britain.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Buck.

THE FAIR MAID'S CHOICE: OR, THE SEAMAN'S RENOWN.

Being a pleasant song made of a sailor,
Who excells a miller, weaver, and a taylor,
Likewise brave gallants that goes fine and rare,
None of them with a seaman can compare.

By T. L.

To the tune of Shrewsbury for me.

[From Bagford's Collection.]

As I through Sandwich town passed along,
I heard a brave damsel singing of this song,
In the praise of a sailor she sung gallantly,
Of all sorts of tradesmen a seaman for me.

I gave good attention unto her new ditty,
My thoughts it was wondrous gallant and pretty,
With a voice sweet and pleasant most sweetly sung she,
Of all sorts of tradesmen a seaman for me.

THE FAIR MAID'S SONG IN PRAISE OF A SEAMAN.

Come all you fair maidens in country and town,
Lend your attention to what is penn'd down;
And let your opinions with mine both agree,
Of all sorts of tradesmen a sailor for me.

The gallant brave seaman God bless him, I say,
He is a great pains-taker both night and day,
When he's on the ocean so hard worketh he,
Then of all, &c.

Of all sorts of gallants so gaudy and fine,
That with gold and silver so bravely doth shine,
The seaman doth out-pass them in each degree,
Then of all, &c.

For a seaman will venture his life and his blood,
For the sake of his king and his countri's good,
He is valiant and gallant in every degree,
Then of all, &c.

He ventures for traffique upon the salt seas,
To pleasure our gentry which lives at ease,
Through many dangerous places pass he,
Then of all, &c.

Amongst all your tradesmen and merchants so brave,
I can't set my fancy none of them to have,
But a seaman I will have my husband to be,
Then of all sorts of tradesmen a seaman for me.

With a thievish miller I never will deal,
Because out of a bushel a peck he will steal,
I will have no society with such knaves as he,
But of all sorts of tradesmen a seaman for me.

Likewise a pimping taylor, and a lowsie weaver,
To steal cloth and yarn they do their endeavour,
Such fellows are not for my company,
But of all, &c.

Also the carpenter and the shoemaker,
The blacksmith, the brewer, and likewise the baker,
Some of them use knavery, and some honesty,
But of all, &c.

For I love a seaman as I love my life,
And I am resolv'd to be a seaman's wife,
No man else in England my husband shall be,
Then of all, &c.

And I'll tell why I love a seaman so dear,
I have to my sweet-heart a seaman most rare,
He is a stout proper lad as you shall see,
Then of all, &c.

If that I were worth a whole ship-load of gold,
My love should possess it, and with it make bold,
I would make him master of every penny,
Then of all, &c.

Through fire and water I would go I swear,
For the sake of my true love whom I love so dear,
If I might have an earl I'de forsake him for he;
Then of all, &c.

Here's a health to my dear, come pledge me who please,
To all gallant seamen that sail on the seas,
Pray God bless and keep them from all dangers free,
So of all sorts of tradesmen a seaman for me,

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

A COMMENDATION OF MARTIN FROBISHER.

FROM a contemporary manuscript, in the Ashmolean Library, at Oxford, No. 208. From a note in the same handwriting as the manuscript, the poem appears to have been written by John Kirkham.

YOUE muses guid my quivering quille,
Caliope drawe neare,
Sicilian nymphes accord my suet,
And to mv hestes give ear.

Your sacred hyd a wyll I crave,
My shivering sence to staye,
Such hewt exploits I take in hand,
That men to me maye saye;

Thy ragged rims and rurall verse
Cannot ascend soe hye,
To touch the tape of Martin's prayes,
Which fleth the hiest skie.

Wher whirling sphaers doe hit resound,
And dewshe stares contain,
What thundringe tromps of goulden fame,
In azure aper so plaine.

Whose hewtie acts not heavens allon
Contented ar to have,
But earth and skyes, the surging seas,
And silvan's eccoughes brave,

Do all resound, with tuned stringe
Of silver harmonye,
Howe Frobisher in every cost,
With flickering fame dothe flye.

A mercial knight adventuros,
Whose valure great was suche;
That hazard hard and light estem'd,
His countrie to enriche.

THE SEAMAN'S VICTORY :

OR, ADMIRAL KILLIGREW'S GLORIOUS CONQUEST OVER THE FRENCH FLEET IN THE STREIGHTS, AS THEY WERE COMING FROM THOULON TOWARDS BREST ; WITH THE MANNER OF TAKING THREE OF THEIR FRENCH MEN-OF-WAR, AND SINKING TWO MORE : ALTHOUGH THE FRENCH ADMIRAL VAINLY BOASTED HE WOULD RECOVER BREST OR PARADICE, YET HE SHAMEFULLY RUN FROM THE ENGLISH FLEET.

THE following ballad is taken from the Bagford Collection, where it is directed to be sung "To the Tune of the Spinning-wheel."

HERE'S joyfull newes came late from sea,
'Tis of a gallant victory,
Which o'er the French we did obtain,
Upon the throbbing ocean main,
As soon as e'er they found our rage,
The rogues was glad to disengage.

The French fleet sailing from Thoulon,
As we by letters understand,
To join with those that lay at Brest,
As some of them have since confest ;
But our brave fleet with them did meet,
And made the Frenchmen soon retreat.

Five ships, with others, did advance,
Being the very pride of France ;
The Lewis, Dauphin, and the Sun,
With others which were forc'd to run,
As by this ditty you shall hear,
Brave English boys the coast did clear.

The French at first did brag and boast,
But we so wisely rul'd the roast,
Under our Admiral Killegrew,
That we engag'd and beat them too :
Declaring that we did not fear
The haughty rage of proud Mounsieur.

Our admiral bore up amain,
Resolving that he would maintain
A sharp and bloody fight with those
Who dare King William's crown oppose ;
Then broad-sides streight began to roar,
Which laid the French in reeking gore.

Right valiant seamen, fierce and bold,
Courageous noble hearts of gold,
All with a resolution bent,
Whole showers of shot to them they sent,
By which the French in hundreds fell,
Our guns did ring their passing-bell.

We pour'd our shot on ev'ry side,
'Tis bravely done, the captains cry'd,
Though sharp and bloody be the fray,
The French are beat, we have the day :
True English boys, 'twas bravely done,
See how the Frenchmen run, they run.

Now while we did maintain the fight,
Two French ships there we sunk down right,

And likewise have we taken three,
This crown'd our work with victory;
The noble valiant Killegrew,
After the rest do's still pursue.

The Frenchmen they did retreat,
They were a shatter'd torn fleet;
But if he shall them overtake,
A prize of all the rest he'll make;
Courageous boys are sail'd with him,
Who freely ventures life and limb.

Under the admiral's command,
For to defend the native land:
May Heaven prosper still and bless
Our valiant soldiers good success,
Then we hereafter may advance,
To shake the very crown of France.

Printed for P. Brooks, by J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back.

THE SEAMAN'S COMPASS:

OR,

A dainty new ditty composed and pen'd,
The deeds of brave seamen to praise and commend;
'Twas made by a maid that to Gravesend did pass.
Now mark, and you quickly shall hear how it was.

To the Tune of The tyrant hath stolen.

[From Bagford's Collection.]

As lately I travelled
towards Graysend,

E

I heard a fair damsel
a seaman commend,
And as in a tilt boat
we passed along,
In praise of brave sea-men
she sung this new song:
Come tradesmen or merchant,
whoever he be,
There's none but a seaman
shall marry with me.

A sea-man in promise
is faithful and just,
Honest in carriage,
and true to his trust:
Kinde in behaviour
and constant in love,
Is firm in affection
as the turtle dove,
Valiant in action
in every degree,
There's none, &c.

The sea-men adventures
their lives at the seas,
Whilst land-men on shore
takes pleasure and ease:
The sea-men at all times
their business must ply,
In winter and summer,
in wet and in dry,

From toyl and pains-taking
they seldom are free,
There's none but a seaman
shall marry with me.

Moreover I'de have you
for to understand
That sea-men bring treasure
and profit to land,
Above and beneath ground,
for wealth they have sought,
And when they have found it
to England 'tis brought,
With hazard of lives
by experience we see,
There's none but a sea-man
shall marry with me.

Seamen from beyond seas
bring silver and gold,
With pearls and rich jewels
most rare to behold,
With silks and rich velvets
their credits to save,
Or else you gay ladies
could not go so brave,
This makes my heart merry,
as merry may be,
There's none but a sea-man
shall marry with me.

The sea-men bring spices
and sugar so fine,
Which serve the brave gallants
to drink with their wine,
With lemons and oranges
all of the best,
To relish their pallats
when they make a feast;
Sweet figs, prunes, and raysins,
by them brought home be.
There's none, &c.

To comfort poor people
the seamen do strive,
And brings in maintenance
to keep them alive,
As raw silk and cotton wool
to card and to spin,
And so by their labours
their livings comes in;
Most men are beholding
to sea-men we see,
With none but a sea-man
I married will be.

The mercer's beholding
we know well enough,
For holland, lawn, cambrick,
and other gay stuff,
That's brought from beyond-seas
by sea-men so bold,

The rarest that ever
men's eyes did behold,
God prosper the sea-men
where ever they be,
There's none, &c.

The merchants themselves
are beholding also
To honest sea-men
that on purpose do go
To bring them home profit
from other strange lands,
Or else their fine daughters
must work with their hands,
The nobles and gentry
in every degree,
Are also beholding, &c.

Thus for rich or poor men
the seamen does good,
And sometimes comes off with
loss of much blood ;
If they were not a guard
and a defence for our land,
Our enemies soon will get
the upper hand,
And then in a woful case
straight should we be,
There's none but a seaman
shall marry with me.

To draw to conclusion,
and so make an end,
I hope that great Neptune
my love will befriend,
And send him home safely
with health and with life,
Then shall I with joyfulness
soon be his wife ;
You maids, wives, and widdowes
that sea-men's loves be,
With hearts and with voices
joyn prayers with me.

God blesse all brave seamen
from quicksands and rocks,
From losse of their blood,
and from enemies knocks,
From lightning and thunder
and tempests so strong,
From shipwrack and drownin,
and all other wrong ;
And they that to these words
will not say Amen,
'Tis pittie that they should ever
speak word agen.

L.P.

Printed for F. Coses, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark.

A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT BETWEEN CAPTAIN
WARD AND THE RAINBOW.

To the Tune of Captain Ward, &c.

[From the British Museum Collection of Old Ballads.]

STRIKE up, you lusty gallants,
with musick and sound of drum,
For we have descryed a rover
upon the sea is come,
His name is Captain Ward,
right well it doth appear,
There has not been such a rover
found out this thousand year.

For he hath sent unto the King,
the sixth of January,
Desiring that he might come in
with all his company :
And if your King will let me come,
till I my tale have told,
I will bestow for my ransome
full thirty tun of gold.

O nay, O nay, then said our King,
O nay, this may not be,
To yield to such a rover,
myself will not agree ;
He hath deceiv'd the Frenchman,
likewise the King of Spain ;
And how can he be true to me,
that hath been false to twain ?

With that our King provided
a ship of worthy fame,
Rainbow is she called,
if you would know her name ;
Now the gallant Rainbow
she roves upon the sea,
Five hundred gallant seamen
to bear her company.

The Dutchman and the Spaniard,
she made them for to flye,
Also the bonny Frenchman,
as she met him on the sea.
When as this gallant Rainbow
did come where Ward did lye,
Where is the captain of this ship ?
this gallant Rainbow did cry.

O that am I, says Captain Ward,
there's no man bids me lye ;
And if thou art the King's fair ship,
thou art welcome unto me.
I'll tell thee what, says Rainbow,
our King is in great grief,
That thou shouldst lye upon the sea,
and play the arrant thief,

And will not let our merchant's ships
pass as they did before ;
Such tidings to our King is come,
which grieves his heart full sore.

With that this gallant Rainbow
she shot out of her pride,
Full fifty gallant brass pieces,
charged on every side.

And yet these gallant shooters
prevailed not a pin ;
Though they were brass on the outside,
brave Ward was steel within :
Shoot on, shoot on, says Captain Ward,
your sport well pleaseth me,
And he that first gives over
shall yield unto the sea.

I never wrong'd an English ship,
but Turk and King of Spain,
And the jovial Dutchman,
as I met on the main.
If I had known your King
but one two years before,
I would have sav'd brave Essex life,
whose death did grieve me sore.

Go tell the King of England,
go tell him thus from me,
If he reign King of all the land,
I will reign King at sea.
With that the gallant Rainbow shot,
and shot, and shot in vain,
And left the rover's company,
and return'd home again.

Our royal King of England,
your ship's return'd again,
For Ward's ship is so strong
it never will be tane.
O everlasting, says our King,
I have lost jewels three,
Which would have gone unto the seas,
and brought proud Ward to me!

The first was Lord Clifford,
Earl of Cumberland;
The second was Lord Mountjoy,
as you shall understand;
The third was brave Essex,
from field would never flee,
Which would a' gone unto the seas,
and brought proud Ward to me.

Licensed and entered.

London: Printed by and for W. Onley, and are to be Sold by the
Booksellers.

THE SONG OF DANSEKAR THE DUTCHMAN.

FROM an old black-letter copy, preserved in Anthony à Wood's Collection, at Oxford, No. 401. Another copy is in the Pepysian, at Cambridge; and another, in vol. 402, of Wood's Collection, which is "printed for F. Coles, J. Wright, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson." It was sung to the tune of "The king's going to Bulloign."

SING we seamen now and than
Of Dansekar the Dutchman,
Whose gallant mind hath won him great renown;

To live on land he counts it base,
But seeks to purchase greater grace
By roving on the ocean up and down.

His heart is so aspiring,
That now his chief desiring
Is for to win himself a worthy name ;
The land hath far too little ground,
The sea is of a larger bound,
And of a greater dignity and fame.

Now many a worthy gallant,
Of courage now most valiant,
With him hath put their fortunes to the sea ;
All the world about have heard
Of Dansekar and English Ward,
And of their proud adventures every day.

There is not any kingdom,
In Turkey or in Christendom,
But by these pyrates have received loss ;
Merchantmen of every land,
Do daily in great danger stand,
And fear do much the ocean main to cross.

They make children fatherless,
Woful widows in distresse,
In shedding blood they took too much delight ;
Fathers they bereave of sons,
Regarding neither cries nor moans,
So much they joy to see a bloody fight.

They count it gallant bearing,
To hear the cannons roaring,
And musket-shot to rattle in the sky ;
Their glories would be at the highest,
To fight against the foes of Crist,
And such as do our Cristian faith deny.

But their cursed villanies,
And their bloody pyracies,
Are chiefly bent against our Christian friends ;
Some Christians so delight in evils,
That they become the sons of divels,
And for the same have many shameful ends.

England suffers danger,
As well as any stranger,
Nations are alike unto this company ;
Many English merchantmen,
And of London now and then,
Have tasted of their vile extremity.

London's Elizabeth,
Of late these rovers taken have,
A ship well laden with rich merchandize ;
The nimble Pearl and Charity,
All ships of gallant bravery,
Are by these pyrates made a lawful prize.

The Trojan of London,
With other ships many a one,
Hath stooped sail, and yielded out of hand,

These pyrates that they have shed their bloods,
And the Turks have bought their goods,
Being all too weak their power to withstand.

Of Hull the Bonaventer,
Which was a great frequenter,
And passer of the straits to Barbary ;
Both ship and men late taken were,
By pyrates Ward and Dansekar,
And brought by them into captivity.

English Ward and Dansekar,
Begin greatly now to jar,
About dividing their goods ;
Both ships and soldiers gather head,
Dansekar from Ward is fled,
So full of pride and malice are their bloods.

Ward doth only promise
To keep about rich Tunis,
And be comander of those Turkish seas ;
But valiant Dutch-land Dansekar,
Doth hover neer unto Argier,
And there his threat'ning colours now displays.

These pyrates thus divided,
By God is soon provided,
In secret sort to work each other's woe ;
Such wicked courses cannot stand,
The divel thus puts in his hand,
And God will give them soon an overthrow.

Finis. Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson:

A SONG ON THE DUKE'S LATE GLORIOUS
SUCCESS OVER THE DUTCH.

FROM a broadside in the possession of Mr. Rimbault. It was evidently written soon after a most obstinate engagement, which took place in Southwold Bay, on the 20th May, 1672, between the combined fleets of England and France on the one side, and that of the Dutch on the other.—E. F. R.

ONE day, as I was sitting still,
Upon the side of Dunwich-hill,
And looking on the ocean,
By chance I saw De Ruyter's fleet
With royal James's squadron meet;
In sooth it was a noble treat
To see that brave commotion.

I cannot stay to name the names
Of all the ships that fought with James,
Their number or their tonnage;
But this I say, the noble host
Right gallantly did take its post,
And covered all the hollow coast
From Walderswyck to Dunwich.

The French, who should have join'd the Duke,
Full far astern did lag and look,
Although their hulls were lighter;

But nobly faced the Duke of York,
Tho' some may wink and some may talk,
Right stoutly did his vessel stalk,
To buffet with De Ruyter.

Well might you hear their guns, I guess,
From Sizewell-gap to Easton Ness,
The show was rare and sightly :
They batter'd without let or stay
Until the evening of that day,—
'Twas then the Dutchmen run away,
The Duke had beat them tightly.

Of all the battles gain'd at sea,
This was the rarest victory
Since Philip's grand armada.
I will not name the rebel Blake,
He fought for horson Cromwell's sake,
And yet was forced three days to take,
To quell the Dutch bravado.

So now we've seen them take to flight,
This way, and that, where'er they might,
To windard or to leeward ;
Here's to King Charles, and here's to James,
And here's to all the captains' names,
And here's to all the Suffolk dames,
And here's to the house of Stuart.

THE ENGLISHMEN'S VICTORY OVER THE SPANIARDS.

RELATING HOW FIVE ENGLISH FRIGATES, VIZ. THE HENRY,
RUBY, ANTELOPE, GREYHOUND, AND BRYAN, BURNT ALL
THE SPANISH SHIPS IN THEIR HARBOUR, AT MALAGO: BAT-
TERED DOWN THEIR CHURCHES AND THEIR HOUSES ABOUT
THEIR EARS, KILL'D ABUNDANCE OF THEIR MEN, AND
OBTAINED AN HONOURABLE VICTORY.

Whereever English seamen goes
They are a terror to their foes.

To the tune of Five sail of frigats bound for Malago, &c.

[From the British Museum Collection of Old Ballads.]

COME all you brave sailors
that sails on the main,
I'll tell you of a fight
that was lately in Spain,
And of five sail of frigats
bound to Malago,
For to fight the proud Spaniards,
our orders was so."

There was the Henry and Ruby,
and the Antelope also,
The Grey-hound, and the Bryan,
for fire-ships must go ;
But so bravely we weighed,
and played our parts,
That we made the proud Spaniards
to quake in their hearts.

Then we came to an anchor
so nigh to the mould,
Methinks you proud English
do grow very bold:
But we came to an anchor
so near to the town,
That some of their churches
we soon battered down.

They hung out their flag of truce,
for to know our intent,
And they sent out their long-boat,
to know what we meant:
But our captain he answered
them bravely, it is so,
For to burn all your shipping
before we do go.

For to burn all your shipping
you must us excuse,
'Tis not five sail of frigats
shall make us to muse.
But we burnt all their shipping,
and their gallies also,
And we left in the city
full many a widow.

Come, then says our captain,
let's fire at the church;
And down came their belfrey,
which grieved them much;

And down came the steeple,
which standeth so high,
Which made the proud Spaniards
to the nunnery flye.

So great a confusion
we made in the town,
That their lofty buildings
came tumbling down :
Their wives and their children
for help they did cry,
But none could relieve them,
though danger was nigh.

The flames and the smoak,
so increased their woe,
That they knew not whither
to run nor to go ;
Some to shun the fire,
leapt into the flood,
And there they did perish
in water and mud.

Our guns we kept firing,
still shooting amain,
Whilst many a proud Spaniard
was on the place slain :
The rest being amazed,
for succour did cry,
But all was in vain,
they had no where to flye.

At length being forced,
they thought it most fit
Unto the brave Englishmen
for to submit :
And so a conclusion
at last we did make,
Upon such conditions
as was fit to take.

The Spanish armado
did England no harm,
'Twas but a bravado
To give us alarm ;
But with our five frigats
we did them bumbast,
And made them of Englishmen's
valour to taste.

When this noble victory
we did obtain,
Then home we returned
to England again ;
Where we were received
with welcomes of joy,
Because with five frigats
we did them destroy.

London : Printed by and for W. O., and are to be sold by J. Dea[n].

NEPTUNE TO ENGLAND.

[From MS. Sloane, 1514, fol. 40.]

OF thee, great state, the god of waves
In equall wrongs, assistance craves,
 defend thyselfe and mee :
For if ore seas there be no sway,
My godhead cleane is tane away,
 the scepter pluckt from thee.
Such as ore seas all sovereigntie oppose,
Though seeming friends, to both are truly foes.

If little Venice brings alone
Such waves to her subjection,
 as in the gulfe doe stirre ;
What then should great Britannia please,
But rule as ladie ore all seas,
 and thou as queen of her.
For sea-dominion may as well bee gain'd
By new acquests, as by descent maintain'd.

Goe on, great state, and make it knowne,
Thou never wilt forsake thine owne,
 nor from thy purpose start :
But that thou wilt thy power dilate,
Since narrow seas are found too straight
 for thy capacious heart.
So shall thy rule, and mine, have large extent :
Yet not so large, as just and permanent.

THE DUKE OF ORMOND.

THE following song is taken from "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy," vol. iii. p. 95. The tune, "set by Mr. Church," is also given by D'Urfey. It was sung by sailors, as well as soldiers.

YE brave boys and tars,
That design for the wars,
Remember the action at Vigo;
And where Ormond commands,
Let us all joyn our hands,
And where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Let conquest and fame,
The honour proclaim,
Great Ormond has gotten at Vigo:
Let the trumpets now sound,
And the echoes around,
Where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Let the glories be sung,
Which the Ormonds have won,
Long before this great action at Vigo:
They're so loyal and just,
And so true to their trust,
That where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Old records of fame,
Of the Ormond's great name,
Their actions like these were of Vigo;

And since this prince exceeds
In his forefather's deed,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

'Tis the praise of our crown,
That such men of renown,
Shou'd lead on the van, as at Vigo :
Where such lives and estates,
Are expos'd for our sakes,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

'Twas the whole nation's voice,
And we all did rejoyce,
When we heard he commanded for Vigo :
To Anna so true,
All her foes to pursue,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

'Tis the voice of the town,
And our zeal for the crown,
To serve Ormond to France, Spain, or Vigo :
So noble and brave,
Both to conquer and save,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

To the soldiers so kind,
And so humbly inclin'd,
To wave his applause gain'd at Vigo :
Yet so kind and so true,
He gave all men their due,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

We justly do own,
All the honour that's won,
In Flanders as well as at Vigo :
But our subject and theme,
Is of Ormond's great name,
And where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Then take off the bowl,
To that generous soul,
That commanded so bravely at Vigo :
And may Anna approve,
Of our duty and love,
And where he goes, may you go, and I go.

A SONG ON THE VICTORY OVER THE TURKS.

From D'Urfey's "Wit and Mirth," vol. i. p. 44. The music is
also given.

HARK the thund'ring cannons roar,
Echoing from the German shore,
And the joyful news comes o'er ;
The Turks are all confounded !
Lorrain comes, they run, they run,
Charge your horse thro' the grand half moon,
We'll quarter give none,
Since Starembourg is wounded.

Close your ranks, and each brave soul
Take a lusty flowing bowl,
A grand carouse to the royal Pole,
The empire's brave defender ;
No man leave his post by stealth,
But drink a helmet-full to th' health
Of the second Alexander.

Mahomet was a sober dog,
A small-beer, drowsy, senseless rogue,
The juice of grape, so much in vogue,
To forbid to those adore him ;
Had he but allowed the vine,
Given 'em leave to carouse in wine,
The Turk had safely past the Rhine,
And conquer'd all before him.

With dull tea they fought in vain,
Hopeless vict'ry to obtain ;
Where sprightly wine fills ev'ry vein,
Success must needs attend him.
Our brains (like our cannons) warm,
With often-firing feels no harm,
While the sober sot flies the alarm,
No lawrel can befriend him.

Christians thus with conquest crown'd,
Conquest with the glass goes round,
Weak coffee can't keep its ground
Against the force of claret :

Whilst we give them thus the foil,
And the pagan troops recoil,
The valiant Poles divide the spoil,
And in brisk nectar share it.

Infidels are now o'ercome,
But the most Christian Turks at home,
Watching the fate of Christendom;
But all his hopes are shallow,
Since the Poles have led the dance;
Let English Cæsar now advance,
And if he sends a fleet to France,
He's a whig that will not follow.

THE YOUNG SEAMAN'S MISFORTUNE: OR, THE
FALSE-HEARTED LASS OF LIMEHOUSE.

From the Pepys Collection, and reprinted by Evans (Old Ballads,
edit. 1810, vol. i. p. 213).

To the tune of the Spinning-wheel.

You loyal lovers far and near,
That live and reign in Cupid's court,
I'd have you freely lend an ear,
While I my sorrows do report:
She that I lov'd has left me o'er;
I'll never trust a woman more.

In her I plac'd my chief delight,
And was her captive night and day ;
For why ? her charming beauty bright
Had clearly stole my heart away :
But she will not my joys restore ;
I'll never trust a woman more.

On board of ship I chanc'd to go,
To serve our good and gracious king :
Now when she found it must be so,
She did her hands in sorrow wring,
Yet wedded when I left the shore ;
I'll never trust a woman more.

My dearest love, she often cry'd,
Forbear to sail the ocean sea ;
If fortune shall us now divide,
Alas ! what will become of me ?
This she repeated ten times o'er !—
I'll never trust a woman more.

A thousand solemn vows I made,
And she return'd the like again,
That no one should our hearts invade,
But both in loyal love remain ;
Yet she another had in store !
I'll never trust a woman more.

I was obliged to leave the land,
And ready to go hoist up sail,
At which tears in her eyes did stand,

And bitterly she did bewail ;
Yet she another had in store !
I'll never trust a woman more.

I gave her then a ring of gold,
To keep in token of true love,
And said, my dearest dear, behold !
I evermore will loyal prove.
She married when I left the shore !
I'll never trust a woman more.

Five months I ploughed the ocean main,
With courage void of dread and fear :
At length with joy return'd again
To the embraces of my dear.
But she another had in store !
I'll never trust a woman more.

Constancy doth torture me,
And make my sorrows most severe ;
Like a keen dart, it pierc'd my heart,
For why ? I did the tydings hear
As soon as e'er I came on shore !
I'll never trust a woman more.

Now must I wander in despair,
I find it is the fates' decree ;
My grief is more than I can bear,
I can love none alive but she :
Farewell, farewell, my native shore !
I'll never trust a woman more.

THE GALLANT SEAMAN'S RETURN FROM THE
INDIES: OR THE HAPPY MEETING OF
TWO FAITHFUL LOVERS.

WHEREIN IS SHEWED THE LOYAL CONSTANCY OF A SEAMAN
TO HIS LOVE, WITH HER KIND SALUTATION UNTO HIM
FOR HIS WELCOME HOME.

Observe this song, which is both neat and pretty,
'Tis on a seaman in his praise of Betty.

To the tune of Five sail of frigots, or Shrewsbury.

[From the Bagford Collection of Old Ballads.]

I AM a stout seaman and newly come on shore,
I have been a long voyage where I near was before ;
But now I am returned, I'me resolved to see
My own dearest honey, whose name is Betty.

I have been absent from her full many a day,
But yet I was constant in every way ;
Though many a beautiful dame I did see,
Yet none pleased me so well as Betty.

Now I am intended, whatever betide,
For to go and see her and make her my bride ;
If that she and I can together agree,
I never will love none but pretty Betty.

THE GALLANT SEAMAN'S SONG AT HIS MEETING OF
BETTY.

Well met, pretty Betty, my joy and my dear,
I now am returned thy heart for to chear ;

Though long I have been absent, yet I thought on thee,
O my heart it was always with pretty Betty.

Then come, my own dearest, to tavern let's go,
Whereas we'll be merry for any hour or two ;
Lovingly together we both will agree,
And I'll drink a good health to my pretty Betty.

And when we have done, to the church we will hy,
Whereas wee'll be joyned in matrimony ;
And alwayes I'll be a kind husband to thee,
If that thou wilt be my wife, pretty Betty.

I will kiss thee and hug thee all night in my arms,
I'll be careful of thee and keep thee from harms,
I will love thee dearly in every degree,
For my heart it is fixed on pretty Betty.

For thee I will rove and sail far and near,
The dangerous rough sea shall not put me in fear ;
If I do get treasure I'll bring it to thee,
And I'll venter my life for my pretty Betty.

And more than all this, I'll tell thee my dear,
I will bring thee home rich jewels for to wear,
And many new fashions I will provide thee,
So that none shall compare with pretty Betty.

Then come, my own dearest, and grant me thy love
Both loyal and constant to thee I will prove ;
If that thou wilt put trust and belief in me,
I vow near to love none but pretty Betty.

THE SECOND PART.

To the same tune.

Betty's reply, wherein she shows her love,
Promising him alwayes constant to prove.

O WELCOME, my dearest, welcome to shore,
Thy absence so long hath troubled me sore ;
But since thou art returned, this I'll assure thee,
It is thou art the man that my husband shall be.

Although that some maids now-a-dayes prove untrue,
Yet I'll never change my old love for a new ;
My promise I'll keep while life remains in me,
For thou art the man that my husband shall be.

I have been courted by many a proper youth,
If thou wilt believe me, I'll tell thee the truth ;
But all my affections I have set on thee,
For thou art the man that my husband shall be.

Then, dearest, be not discontented in mind,
For to thee I'll always prove loving and kind ;
No lord nor knight I'll have, if they would have me,
For 'tis thou art the man that my husband shall be.

If that I might gain a whole ship-load of money,
I would not forsake my true love and honey ;
No wealth nor yet riches shall force to tempt me,
To forsake him who ever my true love shall be.

This lusty brave seaman and his dearest dear
Was married full speedily, as I did hear;
Now they both together do live happily,
And he vows to love his pretty Betty.

He is overjoy'd now he has gain'd his mate,
They do love and live without strife and debate;
He is kind unto her in every degree,
So I wish him well to enjoy pretty Betty.

Al you young men and maidens, pray learn by my song,
To be true to your sweet-hearts and do them no wrong;
Prove constant and just, and not false hearted be,
And so I will now conclude my ditty.

By L. L.

FINIS.

THE DANGERS OF THE SEAS.

FROM an old manuscript, now in the possession of Mr. C. H. Wright, of Manchester, who has very kindly favoured me with a transcript of it. I have had no opportunity of examining the manuscript, and am therefore unable to give the date of it.

I RUE to see the raging of the seas,
When nothing may King Eolus' wrath appease.
Boreas' blast asunder rends our sayles:
Our tacklings breake, our ankers likewise fayles.

The surging seas, they battred have my shippe,
And eke mine oares avayle me not a chippe.
The ropes are slackte, the mast standes nothing strong :
Thus am I tost the surging seas along.
The waves beate in, my barke to overflowe ;
The rugged seas my ship will overthrowe.
Yea, driven I am, sometimes against a rocke,
Sometimes againe a whale his backe I locke.
When Neptune thus, and Eol falles to stryfe,
Then stand I most in daunger of my lyfe.
And when the winde beginneth moste to rage,
Then out I caste (my barke for to asswage)
Each thing of waight, and then if sea at will
I chaunce to have, I lesse regard mine ill.
If shipwrack once I suffer in my lyfe,
Farewell my goodes, farewell my gentle wife :
Adewe my friends, adewe my children all,
For nought prevayles, though on your helpe I call.
First goe I to the bottome of the seas,
And thrice I rise, but nothing for mine ease.
For why ? at length, when last of all I fall,
My winde doth fayle, wherewith I burst my gall.
My body then, so full as it may be
With water store, then may each men me see
All borne aloft amid the fomyng froth,
And dryven to lande, if Neptune waxeth wrothe.
But yet, if so I cunnyng have to swimme,
When first I fall into the water brimme,
With streaking armes, and eke with playing feete,
My parte I play, the water flouddes to grete.

And then, perchaunce, some shippe comes sayling by,
Whiche saves my life, if me they doe espie.
Perchaunce, likewise, I drowne before they come,
Perchaunce the crampe my feet it maketh numme:
If so it dothe, then sure I am to die,
In this distresse the sea will ayde denie.
Wherefore I wishe, who well may live by land,
And him forbid the sea to take in hande.

THE MARINER'S MISFORTUNE: OR, THE UNFOR-
TUNATE VOYAGE OF TWO CONSTANT LOVERS.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A FAITHFUL SEAMAN, WHO GOING TO
TAKE HIS FAREWEL OF HIS SWEETHEART, SHE RESOLVED,
COME LIFE OR COME DEATH, TO SAIL WITH HIM; AND
PUTTING HERSELF IN MAN'S APPAREL, WENT THE VOYAGE
WITH HIM, BUT BY DISTRESS OF WEATHER, COMING HOME
WERE CAST AWAY; THE CONSTANT SEAMAN HAVING NO
OTHER HELP, BETOOK HIMSELF TO SWIMMING, AND HAVING
GOT HIS SWEETHEART UPON HIS BACK, SWAM TILL HE WAS
ALMOST TYRED, BUT WAS AT LAST TAKEN UP BY AN AL-
GERINE, WHO CARRIED THEM TO ALGIERS, WHERE BEING
BROUGHT BEFORE THE GOVERNOUR, SHE CONFESSED HER-
SELF TO BE A FEMALE, WHICH SO ASTONISHED THE GO-
VERNOUR, THAT HE IN REQUITAL OF HER CONSTANCY, SET
THEM BOTH FREE, WHO ARE HAPPILY ARRIVED IN ENGLAND
AGAIN.

[From the Bagford Collection of Old Ballads.]

Tune of The Souldier's Departure.

A seaman lov'd a maiden pretty,
and esteem'd her as his life;

She was beauteous, fair, and witty,
whom he vow'd should be his wife :
He was minded, and designed
for to leave the Brittish shore,
And sail again unto the main,
as he had often done before.

So he kindly came unto her,
and his mind did thus express :
Dearest, of my love be sure,
in thee is all my happiness,
And yet must I immediately
be forc'd to leave thee on the shore,
When I again come from the main,
I swear I'll never leave thee more.

These his words her mind did trouble,
and did pierce her tender heart ;
Then her sorrows they grew double,
and increas'd her deadly smart :
She replied, if she dyed,
to the main with him she'd go.
Quoth he, my dear, I greatly fear
hardship thou canst not undergo.

I am loath for to forsake thee,
yet I constant will remain,
And my faithful wife will make thee
when I home return again :

He did protest he did not jest,
but yet she constantly did cry,
I do not fear, my only dear,
for with thee I will live and dye.

I'm resolv'd, in spite of danger,
that I will thy mesmate be ;
Through the world I'll be a ranger,
for my love's dear company :
By joynt consent, to sea they went,
to satisfy her hearts desire ;
This was not known to any one,
for she was drest in man's attire.

To the ocean then they sailed ;
little did the captain know
That a female with him sailed
and sometimes in the long-boat row.
She did behave her self so brave
that none could this her trick discern,
Industriously this damsel she
did navigation strive to learn.

Do but mark how fickle fortune
did their comforts all destroy ;
She doth often prove uncertain
and eclipse true lover's joy :
For blust'ring wind, too oft we find
do work poor seamen's overthrow,
And so were they all cast away,
great pitty 'twas it should be so.

In this distress these faithful lovers
both were like for to be lost;
Surgins seas did wash them over,
they on mighty waves were tost:
In this distress, most pittiless
care for his love he did not lack,
With weary limbs long time he swims
While his true love was on his back.

But he at last was almost tyred,
past hopes of finding some relief;
Tho' fortune smiles they oft desired,
for to ease them of their grief:
An Algerine, at that same time,
did happen to come sayling by,
So straitway he most earnestly
aloud to them for help did cry.

They took them up into their ship;
that they were Turks they quickly found,—
At first their hearts for joy did leap,
at last they were with sorrow drown'd:
For Algier then they sailed agen,
not knowing who they had for prize,
For none bewray'd it was a maid
whose echo's then did pierce the skies.

Before the governor they came,
and then the truth she did reveal;
She freely did confess the same
which long before she did conceal:

So presently her constancy
most mightily he did commend,
And back again, he o're the main
did both these faithful lovers send.

Printed for J. Blare, at the "Looking-Glass," on London Bridge.

A PLEASANT NEW SONG BETWIXT A SAYLOR
AND HIS LOVE.

FROM the Bagford Collection of Old Ballads. It is directed to be sung to the favourite old tune called "Dulcina;" the original ballad of which is given by Percy. "The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow," to the same tune, has been reprinted by Percy, Ritson, and others.—E. F. R.

WHAT doth ayl my love so sadly,
in such heavy dumps to stand?
Doth she grieve or take unkindly
that I am so near at hand?
Or doth she vow,
she will not know,
Nor speak to me when I do come?
If that be so,
away Ile go,
First kiss and bid me welcome home.

Had I ever thee forsaken,
putting thee out of my mind,

Then thou might'st have justly spoken
that I to thee was unkind :
or should I take
some other mate,
Then might thou have a cause to mourn ;
but let me dye,
before that I
Do so ; then bid me welcome home.

Sooner shall the grass leave growing,
from the hare the hound shall run ;
Husbandmen shall leave their sowing,
floods shall run the land upon ;
the fish shall flye,
the sea run dry,
The birds shall sing no more, but mourn.
ere I of thee
unmindful be :
Then kiss and bid me welcome home.

Smile on me, be not offended,
pardon grant for my amiss ;
Let thy favour so befriend me,
as to seal it with a kiss :
To me, I swear,
thou art so dear,
That for thy sake Ile fancy none ;
then do not frown,
but sit thee down,
Sweet, kiss and bid me welcome home.

If thou hast proved chaste Diana,
 since from thee I did depart,
I have as constant been unto thee,
 for on thee fixed was my heart :
 no, not for she
 Jupiter see,
Diana in her tower alone
 should me intice,
 no, Ile be nice,
Then kiss and bid me welcome home.

No, nor Venus, Cupid's mother,
 nor the fairest wife of Jove,
Should Lucretia, or some other,
 seek by gifts to win my love ;
 should Hellen fair
 to me compare,
And unto me for love make moan,
 yet none of these
 my mind shall please,
Then kiss and bid me welcome home.

From thy sight tho' I were banisht,
 yet I always was to thee
Far more kinder than Ulisses
 to his chaste Penellope :
 for why, away
 he once did stay
Ten years, and left her all alone ;

but I from thee
have not been three,
Sweet, kiss and bid me welcome home.

Come, sweetheart, and sit down by me,
let thy lap my pillow be,
While sweet sleep my mind beguileth,
and all my dreams shall be of thee.

I pray thee stay,
steal not away,
Let lullaby be all thy song ;
with kisses sweet
lull me asleep,
Sweet, kiss and bid me welcome home.

THE WOMAN'S ANSWER.

I have been sad to see how from me,
thou from me so long did stay,
Yet now I more rejoice to see thee
happily arriv'd this way :
thou from our shore
shalt go no more,
To wander thus abroad alone ;
but thou shalt stay
with me away.
And here's my hand, thou'rt welcome home.

I have prov'd Diana to thee
since from me thou went'st away ;
I have suitors well-nigh twenty,
and much ado I had to stay :

but I deny'd,
when they reply'd,
And sent them all away with scorn ;
for I had sworn
to live forlorn,
Until that I see thee come home.

Seeing thou art home returned,
thou shalt not go from home in haste,
But lovingly come sit down by me,
let my arms embrace thy wast :
farewell annoy,
welcome my joy,
Now lullaby shall be the song ;
for now my heart
seems loath to part,
Then kiss and bid me welcome home.

Since, sweetheart, thou dost befriend me,
thus to take me to thy love,
Never more will I offend thee,
but will ever constant prove :
thou hast my heart
not to depart,
But ever constant to remain ;
and thou art mine,
and I am thine,
Then let us kiss and welcome home.

FINIS.

A BALLAD, BY THE LATE LORD DORSET,
WHEN AT SEA.

FROM D'Urfey's "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy," vol. v. p. 168. It is said to have been written at sea by the Earl of Dorset, in the first Dutch war, 1664. Pepys, in his Diary, Jan. 2, 1665, after stating that he went to dine with Lord Broncker, in Covent Garden, says :—"I occasioned much mirth with a ballet I brought with me, made from the seamen at sea to their ladies in town." The original tune may be seen in D'Urfey's work.—E. F. R.

To you fair ladys now on land,
We men at sea indite ;
But first wou'd have you understand
How hard it is to write.

The muses, now, and Neptune, too,
We must implore to write to you ;
With a fa la, la, la, la.

The muses, now, and Neptune, too,
We must implore to write to you ;
With a fa la, la, la, la.

But, tho' the muses shou'd be kind,
And fill our empty brain ;
Yet, if rough Neptune cause the wind
To rouse the azure main,
Our paper, pens, and ink, and we
Rowl up and down our ships at sea,
With a fa la.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not that we're unkind ;
Nor yet conclude that we're lost,
By Dutch, by French, or wind:
Our grief shall find a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a-day,
With a fa-la.

The King, with wonder and surprise,
Will think the seas grown bold ;
For that the tide does higher rise
Then e'er it did of old :
But let him know, that 'tis our tears
Sends floods of grief to White-hall stairs,
With a fa la.

Shou'd Count Thoulouse but come to know
Our sad and dismal story ;
The French wou'd scorn so weak a foe,
Where they can get no glory:
For what resistance can they find
From men as left their hearts behind,
With a fa la.

To pass the tedious time away,
We throw the merry main ;
Or else at serious ombra play ;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you,
With a fa la.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dyes in ev'ry note ;
As if it sigh'd for each man's care,
For being so remote :
Think then how often love we've made
To you, while all those tunes were play'd,
With a fa la.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind ;
Let French men vapour, Dutch men curse,
No sorrow we shall find :
'Tis then no matter how things goe,
Nor who's our friend, nor who our foe,
With a fa la.

Thus having told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears ;
In hopes this declaration moves,
Some pity to our tears :
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea,
With a fa la.

THE JOLLY SAILOR'S RESOLUTION.

From the sixth volume of D'Urfey's "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy," p. 40. The tune is also given.

As I am a sailor, 'tis very well known,
And I've never as yet had a wife of my own ;
But now I've resolved for to marry if I can,
To show myself a jolly, jolly brisk young man,
man, man,
To show myself a jolly, jolly brisk young man.

Abroad I have been, and since home I am come,
My wages I have took, 'tis a delicate sum ;
And now mistress hostess begins to flatter me,
But I have not forgot her former cruelty,
ty, ty,
But I have not forgot her former cruelty.

Near Limehouse she liv'd, where I formerly us'd,
I'll show you in brief how I once was abus'd,
After in her house I had quite consum'd my store,
But kick me if I ever, ever feast her more,
more, more,
But kick me if I ever, ever feast her more.

I came to her once with abundance of gold,
And as she that beautiful sight did behold,
She said with a kiss thou art welcome, John, to me,
For I have shed a thousand, thousand tears for thee,
thee, thee,
For I have shed a thousand, thousand tears for thee.

Her flattering words I was apt to believe,
And then at my hands she did freely receive
A ring which she said she would keep for Johnny's sake.
She wept for joy as if her very heart would break,
break, break,
She wept for joy as if her very heart would break.

We feasted on dainties and drank of the best,
Though I with my friends I am happily blest,
For punch, beer, and brandy, they night and day did call,
And I was honest Johnny, Johnny pay for all,
all, all,
And I was honest Johnny, Johnny pay for all.

They ply'd me so warm that in troth I may say,
That I scarce in a month knew the night from the day,
My hostess I kiss'd tho' her husband he was by,
For while my gold and silver lasted, who but I,
I, I,
For while my gold and silver lasted, who but I.

They said I should marry their dear daughter Kate,
And in token of love I presented her strait,
With a chain of gold, and a rich and costly head,
Thus Johnny, Johnny, Johnny by the nose was lead,
lead, lead,
Thus Johnny, Johnny, Johnny by the nose was lead.

This life I did lead for a month and a day,
And then all my glory begun to decay,

My mony was gone, I quite consum'd my store,
My hostess told me in a word, she would not score,
score, score,
My hostess told me in a word she would not score.

She frown'd like a fury, and Kate she was coy,
A kiss or a smile I no more must enjoy ;
Nay, if that I called but for a mug of beer,
My hostess she was very deaf, and could not hear,
hear, hear,
My hostess she was very deaf, and could not hear.

But that which concerned me more then the rest,
My money was gone, and she'd needs have me prest
Aboard of the fleet ; then I in a passion flew,
And ever since I do abhor the canting crew,
crew, crew,
And ever since I do abhor the canting crew.

Now, having replenish'd my stock once again,
My hostess and daughter I vow to refrain
Their company quite, and betake myself to a wife ;
With whom I hope to live a sober life,
life, life,
With whom I hope to live a sober life.

Then in came a damsel, as fresh as a rose,
He gave her a kiss, and begun for to close
In courting, and said, canst thou love an honest tar,

Who for these six or seven years has travell'd so far,
far, far,
Who for these six or seven years has travell'd so far.

His offer was noble, his guineas was good,
And therefore the innocent maid never stood
To make a denial, but granted his request ;
And now she's with a jolly sailor, sailor blest,
blest, blest,
And now she's with a jolly sailor, sailor blest.

WITH FULL DOUBLE CUPS.

From D'Urfey's "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy,"
edit. 1719, vol. iii. p. 304. The tune is "by Mr. Barincloth."

ALL hands up aloft,
Swab the coach fore and aft,
For the punch clubbers straight will be sitting ;
For fear the ship rowl
Sling off a full bowl,
For our honour let all things be fitting :
In an ocean of punch
We to-night will all sail,
I'th' bowl we're in sea-room
Enough, we ne'er fear :
Here's to thee, messmate.

Thanks, honest Tom,
'Tis a health to the king,
Whilst the larboard-man drinks,
Let the starboard-man sing.

With full double cups
We'll liquor our chops,
And then we'll turn out
With a Who up, who, who;
But let's drink e'er we go,
But let's drink e'er we go.

The wind's veering aft,
Then loose ev'ry sail,
She'll bear all her topsails a-trip;
Heave the logg from the poop,
It blows a fresh gale,
And a just account on the board keep;
She runs the eight knots,
And eight cups, to my thinking,
That's a cup for each knot,
Must be fill'd for our drinking.

Here's to thee, skipper.
Thanks, honest John,
'Tis a health to the king,
Whilst the one is a drinking,
The other shall fill.

With full double cups,
We'll liquor our chops, &c.

The quartier must cun,
Whilst the foremast-man steers,

Here's a health to each port where e'er bound ;
Who delays, 'tis a bumper,
Shall be drub'd at the geers,
The depth of each cup therefore sound :
To our noble commander,
To his honour and wealth ;
May he drown and be damn'd
That refuses the health.
Here's to thee, honest Harry.
Thanks, honest Will,
Old true penny still ;
Whilst the one is a drinking,
The other shall fill.
With full double cups,
We'll liquor our chops, &c.

What news on the deck, ho ?
It blows a meer storm ;
She lies a try under her mizon,—
Why, what tho' she does ?
Will it do any harm ?
If a bumper more does us all reason :
The bowl must be fill'd, boys,
In spite of the weather ;
Yea, yea, huzza let's howl all together.
Here's to thee, Peter.
Thanks, honest Joe,
About let it go ;
In the bowl still a calm is,
Where e'er the winds blow.
With full double cups,
We'll liquor our chops, &c.

THE ROYAL TRIUMPH OF BRITAIN'S MONARCH.

From "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy,"
vol. vi. p. 98. The tune is also given by D'Urfe.

New pyramids raise,
Bring the poplar and bayes,
To crown our triumphant commander ;
The French, too, shall run,
As the Irish have done,
Like the Persians, the Persians ;
Like the Persians, the Persians ;
Like the Persians before Alexander.

Had the Rubicon been
Such a stream as the Boyn,
Not Cæsar, not Cæsar himself had gon on ;
King William exceeds great Cæsar in deeds,
More than he did great Pompey before.

Though born in a state,
Fore-told was his fate,
That he should be a monarch ador'd ;
One globe was too small
To contain such a soul,—
New worlds must submit to his sword.

So great and benign
Is our sov'reign Queen,
Made to share his empire and bed ;
May she still fill his arms
With her lovely soft charms,
And a race of King Williams succeed.

ENGLAND'S TRIUMPH AT SEA.

FROM MS. Harl. 7526, fol. 65. At the end of the ballad is the following note:—"To Mr. Harley, at one of the Commissioners of Accounts, in Buckingham Street, York Buildings." Another copy is in MS. addit. 2715, fol. 79. It was written on the fleet, in 1691.—E. F. R.

A MIGHTY great fleet, the like was nere seen
Since the reign of K. W. and Mary his queen,
Design'd the destruction of France to have been,
which nobody can deny.

This fleet was compos'd of English and Dutch,
For ships, guns, and men, there never were such,
Nor so little done when expected so much,
which nobody can deny.

Eighty-six ships of war, which we capitall call,
Besides frigats and tenders, and yachts that are small,
Sayl'd out and did little or nothing at all,
which nobody can deny.

Thirty-nine thousand and five hundred brave men,
Had they chanc'd to have met the French fleet, O then,
As they beat 'em last year, they'd have beat 'em agen,
which nobody can deny.

Six thousand great guns, and seventy-eight more,
As great and as good as ever did roar,
It had been the same thing had they left 'em ashore,
which nobody can deny.

Torrington now must command 'em no more,
For we try'd what mettall he was made on before,
And 'tis better for him on land for to whore,
which nobody can deny.

For a bullet, perhaps, from a rude cannon's breach,
Which makes no distinction betwixt poor and rich,
Instead of his dog might have tane off his bitch,
which nobody can deny.

But Russell, the cherry-cheekt Russell, is chose
His fine self and his fleet at sea to expose ;
But he will take care how he meets with his foes,
which nobody can deny.

We had sea-collonells o'th' nature of otter,
Which either might serve by land or by water,
Tho' of what they have done we hear no great matter,
which nobody can deny,

In the midst of May last they sail'd on the mayn,
And in September are come back again,
With the loss of some ships, but in battle none slain,
which nobody can deny.

ADMIRAL RUSSEL'S SCOWERING THE FRENCH
FLEET : OR, THE BATTLE AT SEA.

FROM a small collection of songs, entitled "The Midshipman's Garland," bound up in one of Bagford's volumes, in the British Museum. The first four verses have been reprinted in Evans's "Old Ballads," vol. iii. p. 215, edit. 1810; and in Ritson's "English Songs," vol. ii. p. 197, edit. Park. The great naval victory, intended to be celebrated by the following old song, was determined after a running action of several days, off Cape La Hogue, on the coast of Normandy, the 22nd of May 1692.—E. F. R.

THURSDAY in the morn, the ides of May,
recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
Brave Russel did discern by dawn of day,
the lofty sails of France advancing, now :
All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,
Let fly a culvering, the signal of the line ;
let ev'ry hand supply his gun :
Follow me, and you'll see
that the battle will be soon begun.

Turvil o'er the main triumphant rowl'd,
to meet the gallant Russel in combat on the deep ;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
to sink the English admiral at his feet.
Now every valiant mind to victory does aspire,
The bloody fight's began, the sea it fell on fire ;
and mighty fate stood looking on ;
Whilst a flood, all of blood,
fill'd the port-holes of the Royal Sun.

Sulphur, smoak, and fire, disturb'd the air,
with thunder and wonder to fright the Gallick shore ;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
to see their lofty streamers, now no more.
At six a-clock the red, the smiling victor led,
To give a second blow, their total overthrow ;
now death and horror equal reign,
How they cry, run or dye,
Brittish colours ride the vanquisht main.

See, they run amaz'd thro' rocks on sand,
one danger they grasp at, to shun a greater fate ;
In vain they crie for aid to weeping lands,
the nimpes and sea-gods mourn their lost estate ;
For evermore adieu, thou dazling Royal Sun,
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun :
Enough, thou mighty god of war !
Now we sing, bless the Queen,
let us drink to ev'ry English tar.

Come, jolly seamen all, with Russel go,
to sail on the main proud mounsieur for to greet,
And give our enemy a second blow,
and fight Turvil, if that he dare to meet.
Come, brother tar, what cheer? Let each supply,
And thump 'em off this year, or make mounsier to fly,
while we do range the ocean round,
Day or night we will fight,
when our enemy is to be found.

Let it ne'er be said that English boys
 should e'er stay behind when their Admiral goes ;
 But let each honest lad crie with one voice,
 brave Russel, lead us on to fight the foes :
 We'd give them gun for gun, some sink, and others burn,
 Broad-sides we'll give 'em too, till monsieur cry's morblew!
 des Enleteer will kill us all !
 Whilst they scower, we will pour,
 thick as hail, amongst them cannon-ball.

Licensed according to Order.

THE SAYLOR'S SONG.

FROM "Wit and Mirth," vol. iv. p. 170. It is called "The Sayler's Song in the Subscription Musick, sett by Mr. Weldon, sung by Mr. Dogget." The concerts in York-buildings were sometimes called "The Subscription Musick," and it was probably for them that Mr. Weldon composed the following song.—E. F. R.

JUST coming from sea, our spouses and we,
 We punch it, we punch it, we punch it ;
 We punch it, we punch it a board with couragio,
 We sing, laugh, and cling, and in hammocks we swing :
 And hay, hay, hay, hay, hay, my brave boys, bonviagio,
 We sing, laugh, and cling, and in hammocks we swing ;
 We sing, laugh, and cling, and in hammocks we swing,
 And hay, hay, hay, hay, hay, my brave boys, bonviagio.

ADMIRAL KEPPEL TRIUMPHANT.

FROM Dr. Burney's Collection of English Songs, in the British Museum, vol. ix. p. 110. It is there stated that "the words and music" are by "J. Timms of Dartford." Mr. Timms' name, in spite of his loyalty, has not obtained a place in our poetical or musical biography.—E. F. R.

YE brave British tars, come attend to my muse,
Be jovial and hearty, in wine let's carouse ;
Ye brave &c.
For Keppell from the accusation is clear,
That was brought against him by Sir Hugh Palliser.
For Keppel &c.

One morning, last July, at break of the day,
The French was descry'd in battle array ;
Brave Keppel, impatient to fight proud Monsieur,
Directed his course and unto them drew near.

The French fleet to windward first gave a broad side,
Augustus undaunted their great guns defy'd ;
His fleet being mann'd with compleat British tars,
Appal'd the Monsieur with the thunder of Mars.

Aghast the pale French in dismay bore away,
Our ships being cripl'd oblig'd us to stay,
Main sails, gallant royals, stay sails to repair,
That we might again reattack the Monsieur.

This done, our commander the signal did make
For the ships to the Lee to come in his wake ;
Regardless of order Sir Hugh Palliser,
Refus'd to obey and kept back in the rear.

This gave the French time to retreat into Brest,
But observe the sequel which is a meer jest,
As guilt is always companion of fear,
So mind the dark plan of Sir Hugh Palliser.

Assisted by Beelzebub, Prince of old Stykes,
His infernal sire (the weapon he strikes,)
Himself to exculpate the shaft he lets fly,
Intending a sacrifice Keppel should die.

The plan was laid down, then the charge it was made,
Augustus accused of being afraid,
To fight the Monsieurs, and of running away,
And leaving the French fleet triumphant at sea.

But justice and Montague there did preside,
They found out the falsehood, his errors descry'd;
The jury withdrew, for they all saw the cheat,
Acquitted Augustus because he was great.

This true Son of Neptune couragious and bold,
Will fight for his King, and by him be control'd;
To minions in power he'll not be a slave,
The French he'll chastize with a heart free and brave.

So now brother sailors let us reunite,
To serve under Keppel, the French for to fight;
His name, like the gold from the furnace, shall shine
In Old England's annals, to Time's latest time.

Then fill up your glasses, and let them not stand,
A health to the hero that doth us command;
May each British heart and voice say without fear,
A fig for the French and Sir Hugh Palliser.

THE SAILOR'S COMPLAINT.

AN old sea song, called "Come and listen to my ditty, or the Sailor's Complaint," is to be found in the British Musical Miscellany, published by Walsh. It was to this air that Stevens wrote the song "Cease, rude Boreas," by which title it is now better known. Other songs have also been adapted to the same tune. See Chappell's National Airs, p. 35.

COME and listen to my ditty,
All ye jolly hearts of gold ;
Lend a brother tar your pity,
Who was once so stout and bold.
But the arrows of Cupid,
Alas ! have made me rue ;
Sure true love was ne'er so treated,
As I am by scornful Sue.

When I landed first at Dover,
She appear'd a goddess bright ;
From foreign parts I was just come over,
And was struck with so fair a sight.
On the shore pretty Sukey walk'd,
Near to where our frigate lay,
And, although so near the landing,
I, alas ! was cast away.

When first I hail'd my pretty creature,
The delight of land and sea,
No man ever saw a sweeter,
I'd have kept her company ;

I'd have fain made her my true love,
For better or for worse ;
But, alas ! I cou'd not compass her,
For to steer the marriage course.

Once, no greater joy and pleasure
Could have come into my mind,
Than to see the bold **DEFIANCE**
Sailing right before the wind ;
O'er the white waves as she danced,
And her colours daily flew,
But that was not half so charming
As the trim of lovely Sue.

On a rocky coast I've driven,
Where the stormy winds do rise,
Where the rolling mountain billows
Lift a vessel to the skies :
But from land, or from the ocean,
Little dread I ever knew,
When compared to the dangers
In the frowns of scornful Sue.

Long I wonder'd why my jewel
Had the heart to use me so ;
Till I found, by often sounding,
She'd another love in tow :
So farewell, hard-hearted Sukey,
I'll my fortune seek at sea,
And try a more friendly latitude,
Since in your's I cannot be.

THE SEAMAN'S HAPPY RETURN.

FROM a volume of black-letter ballads, in Wood's Collection, at Oxford, vol. E. 25. It is there entitled "The Valiant Seaman's Happy Return to his Love, after a long Seven Years' Absence," and directed to be sung to the tune of "I am so deep in love;" or, "Through the cool shady woods."

WHEN Sol did cast no light,
being darken'd over,
And the dark time of night
did the skies cover,
Running a river by,
there were ships sailing,
A maid most fair I spy'd,
crying and wailing.

Unto this maid I stept,
asking what griev'd her,
She answer'd me and wept,
fates had deceiv'd her:
My love is prest, quoth she,
to cross the ocean,
Proud waves to make the ship
ever in motion.

We lov'd seven years and more,
both being sure,
But I am left on shore,
grief to endure.

He promis'd back to turn,
if life was spar'd him,
With grief I dayly mourn
death hath debar'd him.

Straight a brisk lad she spy'd,
made her admire,
A present she receiv'd
pleas'd her desire.
Is my love safe, quoth she,
will he come near me?
The young man answer made,
Virgin, pray hear me.

Under one banner bright,
for England's glory,
Your love and I did fight—
mark well my story :
By an unhappy shot
we two were parted ;
His death's wound then he got,
though valiant-hearted.

All this I witness can,
for I stood by him,
For courage, I must say,
none did outvie him :
He still would foremost be,
striving for honour ;
But Fortune is a whore,—
vengeance upon her !

But ere he was quite dead,
or his heart broken,
To me these words he said,
pray give this token
To my love, for there is
then she no fairer ;
Tell her she must be kind
and love the bearer.

Intomb'd he now doth lye
in stately manner,
'Cause he fought valiantly
for love and honour.
That right he had in you,
to me he gave it :
Now since it is my due,
pray let me have it.

She, raging, flung away
like one distracted,
Not knowing what to say,
nor what she acted.
So last she curst her fate,
and shew'd her anger,
Saying, friend, you come too late,
I'll have no stranger.

To your own house return,
I am best pleased
Here for my love to mourn,
since he's deceased.

In sable weeds I'le go,
let who will jear me ;
Since death has served me so,
none shall come near me.

The chaste Penelope
mourn'd for Ulisses,
I have more grief than she,
rob'd of my blisses.
I'le ne'r love man again,
therefore pray hear me ;
I'le slight you with disdain
if you come near me.

I know he lov'd me well,
for when we parted,
None did in grief excell,—
both were true-hearted.
Those promises we made
ne'r shall be broken ;
Those words that then he said
Ne'r shall be spoken.

He hearing what she said,
made his love stronger,
Off his disguise he laid,
and staid no longer.
When her dear love she knew,
in wanton fashion
Into his arms she flew,—
such is love's passion !

He ask'd her how she lik'd
his counterfeiting,
Whether she was well pleas'd
with such like greeting?
You are well vers'd, quoth she,
in several speeches,
Could you coyn money so
you might get riches.

O happy gale of wind
that waft thee over,
May heaven preserve that ship
that brought my lover.
Come kiss me now, my sweet,
true love's no slander;
Thou shalt my hero be,
I thy Leander.

Dido of Carthage queen
lov'd stout Æneas,
But my true love is found
more true then he was.
Venus ne'r fonder was
of younger Adonis,
Then I will be of thee,
since thy love her own is.

Then hand in hand they walk,
with mirth and pleasure,
They laugh, they kiss, they talk—
love knows no measure.

Now both do sit and sing—
but she sings clearest ;
Like nightingale in Spring,
Welcome my dearest !

Finis. Printed for P. B. and E. O., and are to be sold at their
shops, in West Smithfield, and on Snow Hill.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

THE following well-known song was written by Glover, the author of "Leonidas," in the year 1739. The case of Hosier was briefly this :—In April 1726 he was sent with a strong fleet to the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country ; but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, he lay inactive on that station, until he became the jest of the Spaniards. He afterwards removed to Carthagená, and continued cruizing in those seas, till far the greater part of his crews perished by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart.—E. F. R.

Tune,—“ Come and listen to my ditty.”

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently-swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode ;
There while Vernon sate all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat :
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet ;

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd ;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their wat'ry grave :
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh ! heed our fatal story ;
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost ;
You who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was lost,
Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph, free from fears,
When you think of my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

See these mournful spectres, sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,
These were English captains brave :

Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold ;
Lo ! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright,
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders, not to fight.
Oh ! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain.

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast atchiev'd with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though, condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom ;
To have fall'n, my country crying
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail ;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe :
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves, for ever mourning,
Shall we roam, depriv'd of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request :
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England—sham'd in me.

ADMIRAL VERNON'S ANSWER TO ADMIRAL
HOSIER'S GHOST.

THE following ballad is taken from a small broadside, printed at Salisbury. It is stated in the "Suffolk Garland," 8vo. Ipswich, 1828, that its author was one John Price, a land-waiter in the port of Poole. The taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards, in 1739, appears to have afforded ample scope for the ballad writing generation. In the following year was issued from their press a collection, entitled "Vernon's Glory: containing fifteen new Songs, occasioned by the taking of Porto Bello and Fort Chagre."—E.F.R.

Tune,—“Cease, rude Boreas.”

HOSIER! with indignant sorrow
I have heard thy mournful tale;
And, if heaven permit, to-morrow
Hence our warlike fleet shall sail.
O'er these hostile waves wide roaming,
We will urge our bold design;
With the blood of thousands foaming,
For our country's wrongs, and thine.

On that day, when each brave fellow
Who now triumphs here with me,
Storm'd and plunder'd Porto Bello,
All my thoughts were full of thee.
Thy disastrous fate alarm'd me;
Fierce thy image glar'd on high!
And with gen'rous ardour warm'd me
To revenge thy fall, or die!

From their lofty ships descending,
Thro' the flood in firm array,
To the destin'd city bending
My lov'd sailors work'd their way :
Straight the foe, with horror trembling,
Quit in haste their batter'd walls ;
And in accents undissembling,
As he flies, for mercy calls !

Carthagen, tow'ring wonder !
At the daring deed dismay'd,
Shall, ere long, by Britain's thunder,
Smoaking in the dust be laid.
You, and these pale spectres, sweeping
Restless o'er this wat'ry round,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,
Pleas'd shall listen to the sound.

Still rememb'ring thy sad story,
To thy injur'd Ghost I swear,
By my future hopes of glory,
War shall be my constant care ;
And I ne'er will cease pursuing
Spain's proud sons, from sea to sea,
With just vengeance for thy ruin,
And for England, sham'd in thee !

CAPTAIN DEATH.

THE following ballad records a most remarkable instance of desperate courage, which was exerted on December 23rd, 1757, by the officers and crew of an English privateer, called the *Terrible*, equipped with twenty-six guns, and manned with two hundred men, under the command of Captain William Death. It is supposed to have been written by one of the surviving crew.—E. F. R.

THE muse and the hero together are fir'd,
The same noble views have their bosoms inspir'd ;
As freedom they love, and for glory contend,
The muse o'er the hero still mourns as a friend :
And here let the muse her poor tribute bequeath
To one British hero,—'tis brave Captain Death !

His ship was the *Terrible*,—dreadful to see !
His crew were as brave and as gallant as he ;
Two hundred, or more, was their good complement,
And sure braver fellows to sea never went :
Each man was determined to spend his last breath
In fighting for Britain, and brave Captain Death.

A prize they had taken diminish'd their force,
And soon the good prize-ship was lost in her course :
The French privateer and the *Terrible* met ;—
The battle begun,—all with horror beset :
No heart was dismay'd,—each as bold as Macbeth ;—
They fought for Old England, and brave Captain Death.

Fire, thunder, balls, bullets, were seen, heard and felt;
A sight that the heart of Bellona would melt!
The shrouds were all torn, and the decks fill'd with blood,
And scores of dead bodies were thrown in the flood:—
The flood, from the days of old Noah and Seth,
Ne'er saw such a man as our brave Captain Death.

At last the dread bullet came wing'd with his fate,
Our brave captain dropp'd—and soon after his mate;—
Each officer fell, and a carnage was seen,
That soon dyed the waves to a crimson, from green:
And Neptune rose up, and he took off his wreath,
And gave it a Triton to crown Captain Death.

Thus fell the strong Terrible, bravely and bold;
But sixteen survivors the tale can unfold;
The French were the victors—though much to their
cost,—

For many brave French were with Englishmen lost.
And thus says Old Time, From good queen Elizabeth,
I ne'er saw the fellow of brave Captain Death.

THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BENBOW.

THE BROTHER TARS' SONG.

FROM a broadside, printed at Salisbury, by Fowler, a noted ballad printer of the last century. See p. 38 of the present collection for another ballad upon the same subject. Admiral Benbow rose into distinction soon after the Revolution, and was rewarded by King William with a flag. Some curious particulars respecting him, may be found in a pamphlet, printed in 1702 (the year of his death), entitled "The Present Condition of the English Navy." During the life-time of the admiral, his sister presented his picture to the corporation of Shrewsbury, who caused it to be hung up in their town-hall, where it still remains, as a testimony of the regard his countrymen had for this worthy officer and true patriot.—E. F. R.

COME all you sailors bold,
Lend an ear, lend an ear,
Come all you sailors bold, lend an ear :
'Tis of our admiral's fame,
Brave Benbow called by name,
How he fought on the main
You shall hear, you shall hear.

Brave Benbow he set sail
For to fight, for to fight,
Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight :
Brave Benbow he set sail,
With a fine and pleasant gale,
But his captains they turn'd tail
In a fight, in a fight.

Says Kirby unto Wade
I will run, I will run,
Says Kirby unto Wade I will run :
I value not disgrace,
Nor the losing of my place,
My enemies I'll not face
With a gun, with a gun.

'Twas the Ruby and Noah's Ark
Fought the French, fought the French,
'Twas the Ruby and Noah's Ark fought the French :
And there was ten in all,
Poor souls they fought them all,
They valued them not at all,
Nor their noise, nor their noise.

It was our admiral's lot,
With a chain-shot, with a chain-shot,
It was our admiral's lot, with a chain-shot :
Our admiral lost his legs,
And to his men he begs,
Fight on, my brave boys, he says,
'Tis my lot, 'tis my lot.

While the surgeon dress'd his wounds,
Thus he said, thus he said,
While the surgeon dress'd his wounds, thus he said :
Let my cradle now in haste,
On the quarter-deck be placed,
That my enemies I may face
Till I'm dead, till I'm dead.

And there bold Benbow lay
Crying out, crying out,
And there bold Benbow lay crying out ;
Let us tack once more,
We'll drive them to their own shore,
I value not half a score,
Nor their noise, nor their noise.

AN EXCELLENT SONG, ON THE WINNING OF
CALES BY THE ENGLISH.

THE following ballad is taken from "The Garland of Goodwill," by Thomas Delone. It has been printed by Percy, from the celebrated folio MS. but with many variations from the present copy. The city of Cadiz (corruptly *Cales*) was taken on June 21, 1596, under the command of Lord Howard, admiral, and the Earl of Essex, general. The ballad was, no doubt, sung "to the tune of the New Tantara," although not so stated in the old copy.—E.F.R.

LONG had the proud Spaniard
advanced to conquer us,
Threatening our country
with fire and sword ;
Often preparing
their navy most sumptuous,
With all the provision
that Spain could afford.
Dub a-dub, dub,
thus strike the drums ;
Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,
English men comes !

To the seas presently
 went our Lord Admiral,
With knights couragious
 and captains full good :
The Earl of Essex,
 a prosperous general,
With him prepared
 to pass the salt flood.
Dub a-dub, dub,
 thus strike the drums :
Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,
 English men comes !

At Plymouth speedily,
 took they ships valiantly ;
Braver ships never
 were seen under sail ;
With their fair colours spread,
 and streamers o'er their head,
Now bragging Spaniards
 take heed of your tail.
Dub a-dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunningly,
 came we most happily,
Where the king's navy
 did securely ride ;
Bring upon their backs,
 piercing their butts of sack,
Ere that the Spaniard
 our coming descry'd.

Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,
English men comes ;
Bounce a-bounce, bounce a-bounce,
off went the guns.

Great was the crying,
running and riding,
Which at that season
was made at that place ;
Then beacons were fired,
as need was required ;
To hide their great treasure
they had little space,
As they cried,
English men comes !

There you might see the ships,
how they were fired first,
And how the men drowned
themselves in the sea ;
That you might hear them cry,
wail, and weep piteously,
When as they saw no shift
to escape thence away.
Dub a-dub, &c.

The great Saint Philip,
the pride of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom
and sunk into the sea ;

But the Saint Andrew,
and eke the Saint Matthew,
We took in fight manfully,
and brought them away.
Dub a-dub, &c.

The Earl of Essex,
most valiant and hardy,
With horse-men and feet-men
march'd towards the town.
The enemies which saw them,
full greatly affrighted,
Did fly for their safeguard,
and durst not come down.
Dub a-dub, &c.

Now, quoth the noble earl,
courage my soldiers all,
Fight and be valiant,
the spoil you shall have ;
And well rewarded all,
from the great to the small,
But look to the women
and children you save.
Dub a-dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that sight,
saw 'twas in vain to fight,
Hung up their flags of truce,
yielding up the town.

We marched in presently,
decking the walls on high
With our English colours,
which purchased renown.
Dub a-dub, &c.

Ent'ring the houses then
of the richest men,
For gold and treasure
we searched each day :
In some places we did find
pye baking in the oven,
Meat at the fire roasting,
and men ran away.
Dub a-dub, &c.

Full of rich merchandize
every shop we did see,
Damask and sattins
and velvet full fair ;
Which soldiers measure out
by the length of their swords
Of all commodities,
and each one hath a share.
Dub a-dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken,
and our brave general
March'd to the market-place,
there he did stand.

There many prisoners
of good account were took ;
Many crav'd mercy,
and mercy they found.
Dub a-dub, &c.

When as our general
saw they delay'd time,
And would not ransom
the town as they said,
With their fair wainscots,
their presses and bedsteads,
Their joint-stools and tables,
a fire we made.
And when the town burnt in a flame,
With tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra-rara,
from thence we came.

THE SHADWELL TAR'S FAREWELL.

WHEN GOING, UNDER THE BRAVE SIR EDWARD HAWKE,
AGAINST THE FRENCH, NOW THREATENING AN INVASION.

THE following ballad is taken from a broadside, printed with the music. It is stated to have been written by Mr. Lockman, and "sung by Mr. Atkins, at Sadler's Wells."

WHEN we, dearest Nell ! shall be parted,
O think not that ill can betide ;
'Tis death thus to see thee sad-hearted,
Tho' I fear not a French broadside.

We're going to plough the rough ocean,
In search of a treacherous foe ;
Resolv'd, when his fleet is in motion,
To give it a terrible blow.
With cannon, by fate well directed,
We'll curb the proud navy of France ;
Defeat the invasion projected,
And teach the Mounseers a new dance.

Near Mile-End, when robbers surrounded,
This stick, cut from tough British oak,
Their clubs and their pistols confounded,
And fell'd two thieves at a stroke.
This brave oaken trowel so trusty,
Which could such mean villains withstand,
Will surely deal blows stout and lusty,
On those who would ravage our land.
With cannon, &c.

How blithe lives the bold British sailor !
Good flip and good punch his delight ;
He dreads not on board a stern gaoler,
But sings on from morning till night.
Whilst Frenchmen in gallies are sighing,
Condemn'd to the oar and the chain,
Their officers heed not their crying,
But lash them the more they complain.
With cannon, &c.

But hark ! Stepney bells are a-ringing,
The gale wafts the sweet music nigher :

Methinks I to battle am springing,
 Mid thunder and whirlwinds of fire !
 Ring louder, ye bells ! O ! ring louder,
 And victory must be our own ;
 Whilst Frenchmen, exhausting their powder,
 Their signal defeat shall bemoan.
 With cannon, &c.

One kiss, dearest Nell ! and I leave you ;
 Take care of our Dickey and Nan :
 By Neptune, I'll never deceive you,
 But toast you in every cann.
 When I in my hammock am rolling,
 I'll dream of my Nelly, my dove ;
 Abroad, never once go a-strolling,
 But come back quite brimful of love.
 With cannon, &c.

NEPTUNE'S RESIGNATION.

WRITTEN on the naval victory obtained by Sir Edward Hawke, Nov. 20, 1759, over the French, off Belleisle. From a broadside, printed by Fowler, of Salisbury. It will, perhaps, be unnecessary to remind the reader that Admiral Hawke's splendid victory was gained during the raging of a tremendous storm.—E. F. R.

THE wat'ry God, great Neptune, lay,
 In dalliance soft, and amorous play,
 On Amphitrite's breast ;

When Uproar rear'd its horrid head,
The Tritons shrunk, the Neriads fled,
And all their fear confess'd.

Loud thunder shook the vast domain,
The liquid world was wrapt in flame,
The god amazed spoke!
“Ye winds, go forth, and make it known,
Who dares to shake my coral throne,
And fill my realms with smoke!”

The Winds, obsequious at his word,
Sprung strongly up, t' obey their lord,
And saw two fleets a-weigh;
The one, victorious Hawke, was thine;
The other, Conflans' wretched line,
In terror and dismay.

Appal'd, they view Britannia's sons,
Deal death and slaughter from their guns,
And strike the deadly blow!
Which caus'd ill-fated Gallic slaves
To find a tomb in briny waves,
And sink to shades below.

With speed they fly, and tell their chief,
That France was ruin'd past relief,
And Hawke triumphant rode:
“Hawke! (cry'd the fair) pray who is he
That dare usurp this pow'r at sea,
And thus insult a god?”

The Winds reply, "In distant lands,
There reigns a King, who Hawke commands ;
He scorns all foreign force ;
And, when his floating castles roll
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
Great Hawke directs their course :

"Or, when his winged bullets fly,
To punish fraud and perfidy,
Or scourge a guilty land,
Then gallant Hawke, serenely great,
Tho' death and horror round him wait,
Performs his dread command !"

Neptune with wonder heard the story
Of George's sway, and Britain's glory,
Which time shall ne'er subdue ;
Boscawen's deeds, and Saunders' fame,
Join'd with brave Wolfe's immortal name,
Then cry'd, "Can this be true ?

"A King ! he sure must be a god !
Who has such heroes at his nod,
To govern earth and sea !
I yield my trident and my crown,
A tribute due to such renown !
Great George shall rule for me !"

HAWKE'S TRIUMPH OVER THE MIGHTY BREST
FLEET, COMMANDED BY M. CONFLANS,
NOVEMBER 20, 1759.

SUNG IN CHARACTER OF A FRENCH OFFICER.

FROM a broadside, printed by Fowler, of Salisbury. For the loan of Fowler's broadsides, reprinted in the present collection, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. F. W. Fairholt.—E. F. R.

VAT mean you, Shon Englis, to make dis great poder,
Wit your beef and puthen, your dis, dat, and toder?
Pray vat do you mean to hit de French in the teef,
With your beef and your puthen, your puthen and
beef?

Derry down, &c.

Vat tho' we've no beef, nor yet puthen to eat;
We have de fine frogs, dat be very cood meat;
We make de frigasee wit bon soup and sallat,
Vich very well suits wit de grand Frenchman's pallat.

You say dat your beef make you no fear de gon;
But remember, Shon Englis, we make you to run
After us at Blenheim, and Malplaquet battle,
Where de guns dey did roar, and drums dey did rattle.

But now we must tell you, wit much complaisance,
We intended to pay you von visit from France;
And if Monsieur Hawke would have let us come over,
In our flat-bottom'd boats we'd have landed at Dover.

But de De'il pick de Hawke, he wou'd not fly away,
But in de Brest harbour oblig'd us to stay ;
Came squinting and peeping, and play'd his mad frolic,
Which gave our poor sailors von fit of de cholic.

But now we must tell you vat came by and by ;
Our Admiral take out his glass for to 'spy :
He shouted, Truss up, boys, dere's nothing to fear ;
Shon Englis be gone, and de coast it be clear.

Den we sail'd out amain, and thought to do something,
But de dogs came again, wid balls big as pumkins ;
Did pounce us, and pelt us, and make such a clatter,
Dat two or three of our ships fell down in the vater.

Den Monsieur Conflans vas in very great passion,
And thought he'd do something to honour his nation ;
He boldly commanded, " Without more delay,
You dogs lift your heels, and let's ALL run away."

THE SAILOR'S RESOLUTION.

[From " Calliope, or the Musical Miscellany," 8vo. Edinb. 1788.]

How little do the landmen know
Of what we sailors feel ;
When waves do mount and winds do blow ;
But we have hearts of steel.

No danger can affright us,
No enemy shall flout ;
We'll make the Monsieurs right us,
So toss the cann about.

Stick stout to orders, messmates,
We'll plunder, burn, and sink :
Then, France, have at your first-rates,
For Britons never shrink.
We'll rummage all we fancy ;
We'll bring them in by scores ;
And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
Shall roll in Louis d'ors.

Whilst here at Deal we're lying,
With our noble commodore,
We'll spend our wages freely, boys,
And then to sea for more.
In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,
In war we'll never fly.
Here's a health to George our king, boys,
And the royal family.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S LOYAL TOAST.

FROM a curious collection of one hundred songs, with the music, entitled "Orpheus Britannicus;" the whole engraved upon copper, with curious head-pieces, by Benjamin Cole. For the transcript of this and the following song, I am indebted to Mr. Joseph Warren.—E. F. R.

CAN time be spent better than over good wine,
By a gang of brave lads on a loyal design ?

We've been serving great George all the day, and
at night,
To indulge with a bumper or two is but right.
Here's his Majesty's health, and confusion to those
Who harbour a thought to disturb his repose.

What are French Gasconades to such fellows as these,
Whose courage is such they can do as they please,
Who will speak to Monsieur in such thundering notes,
That you'll never hear more of their flat-bottom boats;
Who start at no danger, who fear no rebuke!
So here's to Prince George, and his Highness, the
Duke.

Tho' Brittons do each kind of artifice slight,
Altho' we can't lie, they shall find we can fight:
In a very small time, my lads, let us not fear,
But to give good account of the sneaking Perrier.
The French are but magpies, their province is talk,
So we'll take off our glasses to Holbourn and Hawke.

Bold Frankland and Boscowan, Brett, Vernon, and
Knowles,
Are terrible names to papistical souls;
Let him but appear, and away fly the craft,
For Frenchmen won't stay to be rak'd fore and aft.
Here's success to our arms, both by land and by sea,
And may England for ever be happy and free.

A NEW SONG,

ADDRESSED TO THE CREW OF THE PRINCE EDWARD, PRIVATE
SHIP OF WAR.

[From the same Collection.]

Now, my boys, the ship floats,
Let us rattle our throats
To the praise of our worthy commander ;
With hearts, lads, and hands,
Let us toss off our canns,
To the success of Prince Edward,
And to the Prince Edward's success.

While our ship remains stout,
Let us stand the last bout,
To honour our British commander ;
Tho' our fleets they may fail,
Yet we'll boldly assail,
In the defence of Prince Edward, &c.

Thus arm'd for the deep,
Should the French dare to peep
From their ports, with pride to attack us ;
Those dastards of France
Shall be taught a new dance,
From the revenge of Prince Edward, &c.

When our ancestors fought,
This great lesson was taught,
“ Have your country's glory at heart, boys ! ”

May a true martial fire
Ev'ry bosom inspire,
That is engaged in Prince Edward, &c.

Remember, brave boys,
That the soul of our joy
Depend on our courage and duty ;
May no cowardly name
With malignity stain
The noble command of Prince Edward, &c.

Should the fates kind decree
Us success on the sea,
Under Morecock our valiant commander ;
In praises we'll sing,
To heaven's high King,
Who has preserv'd the Prince Edward,
Who has the Prince Edward preserv'd.

THE SAILOR'S SONG DURING THE WAR.

[From "Calliope, or the Musical Miscellany," 8vo. Edinb. 1788.]

COME on, my brave tars,
Let's away to the wars,
To honour and glory advance ;
For now we've beat Spain,
Let us try this campaign,
To humble the pride of old France,
My brave boys, &c.

See William, brave prince,
A true blue ev'ry inch,
Who will honour the illustrious name :
May he conqueror be
O'er our empire, the sea,
And transmit British laurels to fame,
My brave boys, &c.

There heroes combined,
When the Dons they could find,
Vied who should be foremost in battle :
By no lee-shore affrighted,
Altho' they're benighted,
They made British thunder to rattle,
Brave boys, &c.

See Dalrymple, Prevost,
Gallant Harrington too,
And Farmer, who gloriously fell ;
With brave Pearson, all knew,
That the hearts of true blue,
Once rous'd, not the world could excel,
My brave boys, &c.

With such heroes as those,
Tho' we've numberless foes,
British valour resplendent shall shine ;
And we still hope to show
That their pride will be low
In eighty, as fam'd fifty-nine,
My brave boys, &c.

Then brave boys enter here,
And partake of our cheer,
You shall feast and be merry and sing :
With the grog at our nose,
Drink success to true blues,
Huzza ! and say God save the king,
My brave boys, &c.

THE SAILOR'S DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

[From "Calliope, or the Musical Miscellany," 8vo. Edinb. 1788.]

COME, come, my jolly lads,
The wind's abaft,
Brisk gales our sails shall crowd ;
Come bustle, bustle, bustle, boys,
Haul the boat,
The boatswain pipes aloud.
The ship's unmoor'd,
All hands on board,
The rising gale
Fills every sail,
The ship's well mann'd and stored :
Then fling the flowing bowl !
Fond hopes arise,
The girl we prize
Shall bless each jovial soul :
The cann, boys, bring,
We'll drink and sing,
While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast
We're bound to steer,
We'll still our rights maintain ;
Then bear a hand, be steady, boys ;
Soon we'll see
Old England once again.
From shore to shore,
While cannons roar,
Our tars shall show
The haughty foe
Britannia rules the main.
Then fling the, &c.

THE SONG OF LIBERTY.

[From Burney's Collection of Old Songs, in the British Museum,
vol. ix. The music is given in the original.]

YE hardy sons of honor's land,
Where Freedom Magna Charta plann'd,
Ye sov'reigns of the sea ;
On ev'ry shore where salt tides roll,
From east to west, from pole to pole,
Fair Conquest celebrates your name,
Witness'd aloud by wond'ring Fame,
When will you be free?

Mistake me not, my hearts of oak,
I scorn with Liberty to joke,
 Ye sov'reigns of the sea ;
No right I blame, I praise no wrong,
But sing an independant song ;
Since ministers must be withstood,
And patriots are but flesh and blood,
 I dare with both be free.

While strange told tales from scribbler's pen,
Disturb the heads of honest men,
 Ye sov'reigns of the sea ;
The trash of temporising slaves,
Who earn their daily bread as knaves,
Heedless which side may rise or fall,
The ready money that's their all,
 Such fellows can't be free.

We meet for mirth, we meet to sing,
And jolly join, God save the King,
 Ye sov'reigns of the sea ;
As honest instinct points the way,
Our king, our country, we obey ;
Yet pay to neither side our court,
But liberty in both support,
 As men who should be free.

Assist, uphold your church and state,
See great men good, and good men great ;
 Ye sov'reigns of the sea ;

Shun party, that unwelcome guest,
No tenant for a Briton's breast,
Forget, forgive, in faction's spite,
Awe all abroad, at home unite,
Then, then, my friends, you're free.

Ye sov'reigns of wide ocean's waves,
To heroes long enshrin'd in graves,
A requiem let us sing;
I Alfred, Henry, Edward name;—
Then William, our deliverer, came;—
May future ages Brunswick own
Perpetual heir to England's throne,
So here's God save the King!

FINIS.

A SEARCH FOR MONEY.

Halliwell-Phillipps, James Orchard, 1820-1889

The early naval ballads of England

London 1841

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